

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4695 [REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1920.

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RAQUEL MELLER

DRYDEN defined the characteristic failing of the English in the arts as never knowing when to leave off. And, though Dryden's instances of the failing were less convincing than the diagnosis itself, his judgment was sound. Not that the fact is wholly lamentable; not Dryden himself believed in his heart that it was. At the root of much that we hold most admirable in English literature lives the spirit of fine excess. But too often we find the excess without the fineness, the luxuriance without the pruning, a richness from which the dross has not been thoroughly purged.

Because we are a self-repressive race, we are inclined when embarked on a passion to tear it to tatters. Having with such pains broken through our first restraint, we lose all. It is hard for us to find the golden mean between too much control and none; we swing violently from under- to over-statement. At times in our history we have become acutely conscious of our defect and have summoned the principles of our sweet enemy to our aid. As Dryden turned to the criticism of Bossu and Rapin, a generation ago we were directed to study the theories of a Flaubert and a Maupassant. But neither then nor now has much good come of the enforced engraftment. We have a finer fineness native to ourselves which languishes in the clear, cold chamber of French theory. In the matter of literature at least our neighbours have always had more to learn from us than we from them.

What we need is the control that supervenes upon complete abandonment, that is distilled like a quintessence from luxuriance itself, not superimposed upon it, at the source. We shall learn it chiefly from an assiduous frequentation of our own great heritage.

But there are times when that process seems too slow and the tendency of the age is against it; and then it doubly behoves us to seize upon the examples of that strange perfection which occasion offers.

We have one in the acting and singing of Raquel Meller. In her, passion, of sorrow, of regret, of refusal, of physical surrender, is made expressive by the discipline of its own complete abandonment to itself. The imaginative experience of the artist has been allowed completely to penetrate her soul, and her response is therefore subject to an instinctive governance so intimate that her acting and singing is a continuous and subtle revelation. There are no standards to which her gesture or the modulations of her voice can be referred; for she has achieved the end of a true artist and created something that bears the authentic impress of uniqueness. In her the control and the impulse to expression are no longer separate; they are, we feel, born together by reason of the fineness of her receptivity. The imagined experience strikes clean upon the whole of her sensitive being, and her response is modulated by an organic principle, an adjustment of the whole of herself to her new universe.

So we may conceive the slow turning of a flower toward the light or the languishing of a mind under the stress of pain crowded into an instant. There is a passing, a change, a rebirth of the whole being. It is this wholeness of Raquel Meller that sets her among the great dramatic artists of the world. She reveals to us never the surrender of a part to a part, but of the whole to a whole. So that, seeing her, we say to ourselves that this is how men and women would be if they were wholly what they are by intention, if the lie had not yet indurated their souls; and we understand once more, more fully perhaps than Keats himself, the words of his letter:

May not there be superior beings, amused with any graceful, though instinctive attitude my mind may fall into as I am entertained with the alertness of the Stoat or the anxiety of the Deer? Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel. By a superior Being our reasonings may take the same tone—though erroneous they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists poetry.

This is, indeed, the very thing in which consists poetry. M.

SOME LETTERS OF EDWARD THOMAS

II.

THOMAS'S low state of spirits continuing, I told him of a little, romantically situated town, Llaugharne, in Caermarthenshire, that had much taken my fancy; and the three letters that follow describe his stay there for some weeks.

c/o Mrs. Wilkins,
Victoria Street, Llaugharne,
5, xi, 11.

DEAR GARNETT,

There was hardly any choice of lodgings, but I took the rooms at the bend in the road from the ferry, and they have turned out well so far. . . . By the way, if you do hear of any work that I can do, I wish you would let me know. Things go from bad to worse. . . . I hope it is nothing more than bad luck. I don't make friends, but neither do I make enemies, as a rule. Is my work worse? I should not be surprised if I were made more careless than I used to be, having to do so much against the grain. I told you I was doing a book on "Borrow." What is there to say?

Yours,
E. THOMAS.

Llaugharne,
2, xii, 11.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I am glad to hear from you, though everybody is becoming rather remote by this time. I have been to Manorbier, Haverfordwest, and St. Davids, and Swansea, but otherwise I have been immersed in Borrow and in my grievances. I tried to get Borrow's letters from Belloc, but got no book or answer; I will try something else. As to my "Maeterlinck"—and many thanks for the review—that "second edition in the press" is apparently only a dodge, as it has been announced six weeks now. I was glad to see De la Mare get that prize, tho' I much prefer the "Mulla-Mulgars" to "The Return." A little while ago I borrowed "Gerald the Welshman"; but it is execrably written and colourless, and at present I can't persuade myself to read anything—this is literally true; I read nothing except in the cause of my writing about Borrow. Mine will be a pure *ex nihilo* book without any foundation at all. It is written, and once it is done I shall hardly stay on here. After the New Year I may try Oxwich—if I go away at all, but I have convinced myself that food, etc., and any physical régime is practically worthless. Something will have to take place which cannot be brought about by any deliberate method, I think. I get no books here to review; I suppose I have disgusted E., as he never responds; same with the *Saturday*; while X. hypocritically "regrets," etc., and employs new reviewers twice weekly.

I am very sorry about Hudson and Mrs. Hudson. I have meant to write to him. Please give him a message if you see him on Tuesday.

Yours ever,
E. THOMAS.

Llaugharne,
13, xii, 11.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

My temperature being what you know it is, I naturally can't thank you properly for your letter—and also for the book sent me by Dewar at your suggestion, of which I am

now using the wrapper for note paper. . . . The fact is I finished my Borrow on Tuesday, and then suddenly found myself restless and tired and unable to stay on here for the present. So I am going to have a look at Swansea and Newport and Caerleon again, and may see you on my way home on Tuesday; I hope so, and Hudson, too.

If I had a few quiet months I could write a Welsh itinerary now, partly at any rate following Gerald, as I have been a good deal in his steps at St. Clears, Whitland, Llawhaden and Haverfordwest, Camrose, Newgate, St. Davids and Llanrhian, and I already know Caerleon, Newport, Neath, Swansea, Kidwelly and Caermarthen. Perhaps I shall fix myself somewhere on his northern route early next year and in a real Welsh district. Llaugharne is mostly English in language and other ways, though all the surrounding villages, except close to the coast on the West, speak Welsh and are only moderate at English. I have had some splendid bright windy weather, but of course too mild. I am just beginning to master the geography here and also the gossip of Llaugharne. But Borrow has absorbed me, and I have scarcely written anything else. Sometimes a tune makes me think: "Give me health and a day—," and I leave it at that. Did you ever see Haverfordwest? A most fascinating dirtyish old town with steep narrow streets up a hill, and with a castle and two fine towered churches on top, at the brink of a tidal river with many-windowed storehouses by the little quay, and some river mist, sawmill smoke, and a half moon before frost. I went twice, and walked up and down as I never did before in a town. The one drawback was that I felt Muirhead Bone ought to be there for a few years. If I can possibly manage it I shall make some sketches out of this visit. I want to do a book on Swansea, which I know better than any town, but nobody wants it.

It was kind of you to speak to Dewar. Like everyone else—nearly everyone—he probably has 200 people to please and doesn't please any single one very much. Look at X. I am now competing for Xmas books with the Editor's little daughter and Y's schoolboy son and Z's niece and so on, above all with X himself. Some day I shall do a book on X's prose. I am collecting specimens now. Belloc did send me Borrow's letters after all, but I don't know if he will print my remarks.

The reason I asked you about Borrow was that you scoffed me out of doing the book three years ago. You probably didn't mean it as I took it, and will probably remember nothing about it. I don't revive it out of unkindness, but to show that miserable sinner in journalism as I am, I am not the hardened and unconscious sinner that my misdeeds seem to proclaim. I sin with a sense of sin in these matters also. You sometimes rub it in, as if I needed telling!

Please tell me of some celebrated monarch, poet, prostitute or other hero that I can write a book about. My own list includes none that publishers will look at. Seriously I should like to see what I could make of some non-literary man or woman.

Yours ever,
E. THOMAS.

Scott James' notice of Davies was very good, and I hope you found something to like in the book. I think he is advancing into something stronger and more passionate as he gets sure of himself.

The two next letters refer to the composition of "The Happy Go Lucky Morgans," a book which, though of wistful, sensitive charm in atmosphere and characterization, had no more success than had Richard Jefferies' "Amaryllis at the Fair."

Wick Green,
25, xi, 12.

DEAR GARNETT,

We expect Bone immediately in search of a house. Did I tell you we were probably leaving ours for a cottage near the school which will save us a lot of rent and also garden trouble, but may mean rather more town life for me? a thing otherwise perhaps necessary if I am to pick up work. I have just finished the rough draft of a very loose fiction founded on early memories of a remarkable Welsh household in London twenty years ago. It has less pretensions in being a novel than E. V. Lucas's "Listeners' Lure" or A. C.

enson's "Thread of Gold," but is something more than a connected series of essays. I wrote it to prove (to myself) that I could do something without being told to and on a fairly large scale.

Yours ever,
EDWARD THOMAS.

Wick Green,
Petersfield,
6, ii, 13.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I am sending you my MS. to-day. Is the thread too slender, too impudent? Do you even perceive a thread? I had hoped the book was better than any probable collection of essays, but quite see the possibility that artistically the pretence of being more than a collection of essays may spoil it. I think of writing a preface stating that all the characters but one are from life and offering prizes for identification. My idea was to be pseudonymous—calling myself Arthur Froxfield.

Yours ever, EDWARD THOMAS.

The letters of 1913-14, which refer chiefly to private matters, I pass over, except one of October 24, 1914, which shows incidentally that Thomas, after producing for twelve years many books of remarkably fine imagination and critical quality, was in a worse position at the end than when he started. It recalls a remark of Conrad to me in 1899, viz., that the strain and anxieties of a seaman's life were as nothing to those of a literary man.

Steep,
Petersfield,
24, x, 14.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I got this letter more than a week ago and I ought to have sent it on to you at once. It is a very belated reply to the one I at once wrote to de la Mare after our conversation. Nothing has turned up since then. I get scrappy work, very few, and plenty of time to write what I like and find I can write. The other day I sent the *Guardian* something, but don't know yet if they are keeping it. I was in Wales again lately in the Black Mountains of Caermarthenshire—also at Carreg Cennen Castle—and among the Brecknock Beacons. I believe I could easily spend all my days this way, other things being equal, which they are not.

I hope to be up in London in a week and to see you.

Rupert Brooke, I hear, was under fire at Antwerp.

By the way, did Hudson ever lend you the book of poems I told you about—"North of Boston"—by Robert Frost? If he didn't, I will. I should be very glad if they pleased you.

Yours ever,
E. T.

The following five letters refer to Thomas's new experiments in verse and the lack of encouragement he received, and contain his replies to some of my criticisms:

Steep,
Petersfield,
11, iii, 15.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

These verses have just come back from *Blackwood's*. I sent them, but under an assumed name, and the poor man *Blackwood* found them "puzzling." I think I shall try the *Nation*.^{*} But I do not want my name to be connected with verses yet. Will you let me have these back?

Yours,
E. T.

Steep,
Petersfield,
13, iii, 15.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Thank you for your letter and your criticism, which I can mostly agree with, except that I think the line

England, old already, was called Merry,

^{*} But the editor of the *Nation* agreed with his fellows, later on, in rejecting Thomas's verse as a note to me testifies—"Mr. M. much regrets," etc.

looks more eccentric than it is and sounds. I like that piece best perhaps. But I don't think I could alter "Tears" to make it marketable. I feel that the correction you want made is only essential if the whole point is in the British Grenadiers, as might be expected in these times. I can't be sure about the jog trot. Perhaps you are right in finding it at the end of "November," where it gets a shade sententious and perhaps echoes the end of the "Sensitive Plant" in rhythm.

I am now sending you the greater part of what I have done since I began, including the very first, which is the longest one placed at the end, called "Up in the Wind." I hope you will forgive me and survive the swamping. You cannot imagine how eagerly I have run up this byeway and how anxious I am to be sure it is not a cul de sac.

I did the article you suggested, and am sending it to the *Nation* first.

Yours ever, EDWARD THOMAS.

Steep,
17, iii, 15.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Your letter gave me a lot of pleasure this morning when few other things could because I had tired myself to death with two days' cycling (to the sea and back) in this tempestuous and biting weather—which is my reason for writing only a short note. I am fit for nothing at all, really. I am glad to find you preferring certain things—like "Old Man" and "The Cuckoo" and "Goodnight"—and sorry to find you preferring them to certain others like "The Signpost." But the great satisfaction is you obviously find them *like me*. I had fears left I had got up in the air in this untried medium. So long as I haven't I am satisfied. Of course I must make mistakes and your preferences help me to see where they may lie, though I shall risk some of them again—e.g. what you find petty in incident. Dimness and lack of concreteness I shall certainly do my best against. I hate them too much in others to tolerate them in myself—when I see them.

It was almost as pleasant to know you like Frost.^{*} The reviews he got here were one by Abercrombie in the *Nation*, one by Hueffer in the *Outlook*, and a number by me in the *New Weekly*, etc. In America he got only an echo or two of these. He had been at American editors ten years in vain. . . . Most English reviewers were blinded by theories they had as to what poetry should look like. They did not see how true he was and how pure in his own style. I think the "Hired Man," the "Wood Pile," the "Black Cottage" and one or two others—such as "Home Burial"—masterpieces. I send his first book. Much of it is very early indeed. Look, however, at "Mowing" and the "Tuft of Flowers" (pp. 34 and 25). Hudson didn't return "North of Boston," or not to me. I will send him some of my verses.

The reason of my wire is that I am only sending out verses at present under a pseudonym, and have already done so to the *Nation*, *Times* and *English Review*. I don't want people to be confined by what they know or think of me already, although I know I shall also lose the advantage of some friendly prejudice. And I should be glad if you would not mention my verses to friends.

Frost is descended from early English (Devonshire) settlers, with a Scotch mother. He has farmed for some years and has gone back to farm. He has also been a teacher of English and of pedagogy. There are some of his latest verses in the last number of *Poetry and Drama*.

Yours ever, E. THOMAS.

Steep,
21, iv, 15.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I am forwarding your letter to Frost. It will please him very much, for I had often spoken of you. I look forward to the article. From what he says it ought to give a sufficient push to a ball that is now beginning to roll.

I didn't tell you I was doing a book on Marlborough for Chapman & Hall. It is the most uncongenial job I ever took on. But as it is the only one I have, I think myself lucky. So far I have not given up verses. I will show you some more later on. No editor takes them.

^{*} "North of Boston," by Robert Frost. (London, 1914.)

Marsh I have only met once, and I don't know his friends well enough to think of approaching him. The War Office has said nothing further.

Probably I shall look you up on Tuesday.

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS.

Steep, Petersfield,
Monday.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Your parcel came this morning. My best thanks for it, particularly for the letter and "Frost." I don't know yet how much I have to thank you for the *Dials* and *Poetry*. The article* on Frost is absolutely right. I don't think you could have scored more than by insisting on his subtlety and truth and quoting the "Hired Man," "Home Burial" and the "Hundred Collars." And you have shown his nativeness—his Englishness very delicately and without a possibility of hurting anyone's feelings. There were two or three slips in the typescript that I took it on me to correct.

I am doubtful about the chiselling [of the poem] you advise. It would be the easiest thing in the world to clean it all up and trim it and have every line straightforward in sound and sense, but it would not really improve it. I think you read too much with the eye, perhaps. If you say a couplet like

If they had mowed their dandelions and sold them fairly they could have afforded gold—

I believe it is no longer awkward. Then "because" at the end of a line looks awkward if one is accustomed to an exaggerated stress on the rhyme-word which I don't think ne essary. But I can't tell you how pleased I am that you like the long piece in the main, and "Pewits" too. I am going to try and be just about the lines you have marked in "Pewits," though I am not sure whether you question the form of them or the "divagations" of the idea, but probably the latter. If only I could hit upon some continuous form such as you suggest! I doubt if it will come by direct consideration. But I think, perhaps, intermingled prose and verse would add a difficulty. Even as it is, I fancy the better passages in my prose lose by not really being happy in their places; verse might not lose so much, but the intervening prose would, unless, of course, one was very lucky. I shall cast about. I did half a fiction twelve months ago in one attempt, but threw it up.

I am looking for a title for my proverb stories.† If you like them I hope to have a title to suggest before they go before Duckworth. They are rather English, I fancy.

Scott James—I had almost forgotten to say—wrote and offered to recommend what I wrote on Rupert Brooke to the *Bellman*, and I am just setting about it. The *English Review* also wants a short notice of R. B.

Next week I expect to be up on a final visit to the Museum before beginning to write about Marlborough. It is a wretched summer task. I hope I shall see you again then.

Yours ever,

E. THOMAS.

Thomas's "Life of Marlborough," in fact, is a fine piece of critical biography, fresh in colour and atmosphere, and full of penetrating judgment. But from my long experience as a "publisher's reader," I may say that had the book been pretentious and devoid of individual quality, it would probably have sold as well—nay, better. Although Thomas had certainly bad luck in the last few years of his life, the secret of his lack of success was simply that what he had to offer the public—fastidious taste, subtle insight and creative imagination—was beyond its comprehension, as is shown by the nigh universal rejection of his best poems by the London editors.

The last letter I received from Thomas was written a few days before he left England for the front. It contained a touching tribute to our friendship, inspired, no doubt, by a conviction that he would not return alive.

EDWARD GARNETT.

* This appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

† "Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds," subsequently published by Messrs. Duckworth.

UNREST

Whence comes this restlessness that maketh me
When in Montmartre remember Italy?
And when at last I see the falling leaf
In Vallombrosa, why this almost grief
That I can hear not the incoming seas
Roll in toward Appin, 'twixt the Hebrides?

Where is my home? I have not any home
Save all the world. To rest I can but roam.
Strange names are friendly to me and I tell
Them o'er as beads. They move me like a spell.

'Twas ever thus since in my boyish years,
Blurring my school-books, there rose up Algiers;
The very names of caftan and of haik
Called me to Africa for their names' sake.
And now how many an island, mountain, bay
(From the blue crescent curved toward Monterey,
Outlined in silver thread 'gainst yellow sand,
To where I first saw light illumine land
In Chili) are as dear as any friend,
And how far severed! 'Tis some way to wend
From Aconcagua unto Cruachan!
Only in dreams can I wing up and scan,
As 'twere an orange in my clutch, the whole
God's bauble, magical from pole to pole.

My school-books sloughed, I did not once abate
My travel-speed when Illecillewaet
Then caught my ear. I lived with discontent
Till I had seen the Rocky Mountains rent
By the great waters there, the cañon walls.
I saw, and passed; and now again it calls.

When I come home from each outlandish place
Each lures me back, as his beloved's face
Called back Odysseus. Home is not my home;
I have no other rest except to roam.

How shall I rest? There is no rest for me
On any continent, or isle, or sea.
Down the steep gulch of Fleet Street I descry
Mount Shasta, not Saint Paul's, against the sky;
My eyes are filmed, I am lost utterly;
I must go forth again across the sea.

In Okanagan I shall buy a horse
And to the mountains ride. Perchance the gorse
Of Keston Common, breaking then, shall send
A message to me, but I shall not lend
An ear to that; shrewdly I shall recall
The mists of England, their distressful pall;
Or so I purpose as I walk the deck
And Rathlin fades into a foam-flecked speck.
There shall I camp on fir-boughs featly laid
'Neath some tall fir, in balsam-scented shade.

But shall I rest there? Waking in the night
Among meshed planets and the half-moon's light,
Will not the old-time wonder come again,
Gazing on Mars, if bobolink or wren
Flit thereupon; the longing to inquire
Out of the ether on these sparks of fire
Again torment; once more the Milky Way
Rain restlessness to haunt my joyous day?

There is no home, there is no rest for me
Till, disembodied, all the worlds I see.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

THIS evening (April 23) Sir Israel Gollancz will deliver an address at the Royal Institution on "Shakespeare's Shylock and Scott's Isaac of York." Next Friday evening Dr. F. O. Bower will take as the subject of his discourse "The Earliest-known Land Flora."

REVIEWS

THE PROBLEM OF HENRY JAMES

THE LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES. Selected and edited by Percy Lubbock. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 36s. net.)

THAT sort of good luck which is the reward of good management attended Henry James all his days, and still attends. Having edited his own works, he finds for his familiar correspondence, in which his genius is expressed hardly less completely than in the works, an editor after his own heart, perfectly discreet in selection, perfectly competent, intelligent and sympathetic in comment. Yet, while heaping on Henry James every felicity, fortune withholds something essential. Everything has been done for him by himself and his admirers, except to "place" him. Never has a first-rate writer's personality been enshrined with such copiousness of explanation in so vast a monument of ink and paper—in rows of novels and stories, in analytical prefaces, in autobiographical reminiscence, in a mass of treasured and unpublished letters, and now in these two fat volumes which are the merest fraction of the mass. Why, then, is there an instinctive conspiracy to refrain from doing for him what he urged Mr. Gosse to do for Swinburne—to "formulate and resume a little more the creature's character and genius"?

The fact seems to be that our appreciation of him differs in kind from our appreciation of other writers. It is a sort of fascination. If we like him at all, he goes to our heads, so that, quite naturally and instinctively, our enjoyment excludes the specifically aesthetic judgment. Or rather, it includes a certain peculiar deprecation, involving a plea to be let off from making the sort of judgments which, however crudely and unconsciously, we make of other writers as part of the mere act of enjoying them. The reason is that he is the most contagious of writers—contagious in the sense that he communicates an attitude. As we turn the charmed page or fondly recall the coloured and measured talk, we slip from the everyday world into a magic region, where a definite set of values purports indeed to be presented, but where it seems best, it seems only decent, to take the values for granted. When we ascribe this beguilement to the perfection of his technical achievement, we are on the right track; but we must take a further step, and remember that there can be no first-rate technical achievement which is not the expression of an attitude towards life; so that we are led, if we want to isolate the germ of the infection, to attempt the analysis of that attitude, and to ask whether it does not include, deep in its central fibres, an element of refusal, a special kind of deprecation, nicely calculated to lull, while seeming exquisitely to satisfy, the critical faculty of a tired but exacting generation.

Henry James lived intensely from beginning to end. His letters will prove that, even to those who neither knew him nor read his novels.

If there be a wisdom in not feeling—to the last throb—the great things that happen to us, it is a wisdom that I shall never know or esteem. Let your soul live—it's the only life that isn't on the whole a sell.

And not only did he live intensely, he set himself deliberately to live fully, to expose the broadest possible surface to experience. Accordingly he exiles himself in youth from the thin American social scene, and settles in London. "It takes an old civilization to set a novelist in motion"; and where but in London—certainly not in the tight, unmoral conventions of Paris—can he get, if his art is to be rich and dense, the necessary contact with the riper fruits of time? And as soon as he feels that his receptive surface is growing stale and dull, he returns, late in life, to America to refresh it.

But the singular feature in this indefatigable cultivation of an omnivorous sensibility is that the experience is not absorbed into his being as the normal man or the normal artist absorbs experience. It is rather as if he stood off from it, playing infinitely delicate antennæ ever more subtly, caressingly and warily over the rich procession of phenomena, but never getting inside a single item of the procession. And this although his main object is intimacy of penetration; he desires, above everything, to "do" things from the inside. In a sense he succeeds, but always as by a construction, not by immediate apprehension. He says of the London world when at the height of his early and rapid social success, "I know it all as if I had made it," and he adds, significantly, "but if I had I would have made it better." He knew it, he had it in his pocket, just as he had the technique of the stage, but—the question keeps pressing—*what* exactly was it that he knew? Not, to judge from his fiction—and the letters confirm the surmise—the real society, but a dream society, based on the reality at a remove. Had he known the reality, he must have hated or loved it with a greater self-abandonment. It may be objected that this is only the normal detachment of the artist, that Henry James could not assimilate himself completely to his chosen environment, simply because art was his preoccupation, and that in any case his sense of values would have detached him spiritually from an environment which he judged gross and dull. But that is only another way of stating a problem which cannot be solved unless we consent to criticize his account both of himself and of his poetic method. To understand either we need to see them as resulting from an interplay of attractions and repulsions, of whose nature, restless analyst though he was, he was inhibited from being explicitly conscious.

Life pulled him, as it pulls us all, with strings of which he was not aware, and there is no dishonour to his memory if the fingers which try to disentangle them, though they fumble, are moved by sincerity. He believed, then, that his motive for dining out every night of the season was to saturate himself with something indispensable to his art, the atmosphere of an old civilization. We are tempted to suspect that there was more in it than that, when we consider the queer process by which in his earlier period he persuaded himself, against all the evidence, first that the drama was his proper form, and then, although fortune had placed him beyond anxiety about money, that the need to make money was his reason for writing plays. His adventures in the world of sawdust and orange-peel strongly suggest that the key to the process is desire for public success. For no success is so obviously success as that of the theatre. Later, when he has returned to his true vocation, we detect the same impulse at work in his uneasy sense of the failure of his maturer art, as shown by the gap between his receipts and his reputation. He had won recognition, both here and in America, early and with comparative ease, and that he should have desired its continuance and enhancement is not strange. What is strange is the nature of his disappointment, combined as it is with an Olympian contempt for even the most sympathetic criticism and a settled conviction that the public is a gross beast whose paws can do nothing but mangle and defile. To ask why he should bother about public success, especially when he is smothered with the plaudits of the cultivated few, is to touch the hidden springs of character. Is it possible that, in him, the desire for success is one of the forms in which fear masquerades? That clue, at any rate, will resolve much that is paradoxical. Although his whole existence is a dedication to the Muse, an intense and high-minded devotion to the solution of formal aesthetic problems, we watch him punctually, anxiously, and as by a hidden mechanism, obeying the impulse to be "respectable,"

to conform to the *convenances*, to observe every current decency almost to the point of *mania*. How, again, can we reconcile his austerity of spirit, and the power and subtlety of his intelligence, with his infallible selection, out of all the possibilities that life offered, of the most expensively cushioned side of civilization? The explanation, we suggest, can only lie in a profound need for safety—profound in proportion to his sensitiveness, and so imperious that it produces, since it has to be morally justified, one of the most elaborately far-branching systems of illusion that an imaginative mind has ever created. These well-dressed people who command the resources of the world, and who alone are really immune from the abyss—they must be exquisitely refined, they must somehow be made out to have the rarest, the subtlest passions and interpenetrations, their blandness must be interpreted as the index of "the real, right thing"—else life becomes intolerable for terror. And, to avoid awkward questions, let us walk ever so delicately. Types are safer than individuals, and the type, in an old and ordered society, can be determined by external appearances. Thus he develops towards the outward show the respect of a mandarin and the sensitiveness of a fashionable woman, while all the time he is filling the jewel-crusted shell with a spiritual activity which defies all vulgar standards, but which bears to the actual complexities of the human spirit about the same relation as a geometrical diagram does to the cluster of points at a railway junction. It is the safety-impulse again, which, in the soil of his genius, flowers into forms as fantastic as they are characteristic—into that extravagance of preciosity by which, in the daily accidents of life, the need for emotion is avoided or its absence concealed, and into those involved manoeuvres by which he inveterately dodges the dreadful act of calling a spade a spade. The classic instance of this is in "The Ambassadors," where the whole machinery turns on the fact that a fortune has been made at Worcester (Mass.) by the manufacture of some small article which, often on the point of being named, is too sordid actually to defile the printed page.

Now this rôle of mystagogue, if played consistently—and Henry James is all of a piece—must interpose a veil between the artist and his material. He played the rôle, we suggest, because he needed the veil; and a veil it remains, though it is shot with irony, though it is neither pompous nor sentimental, and though it is the very stuff out of which is made that miracle, his style. The irony should not disguise from us the protective character of the device; indeed, it is essential, if his work is to be appraised, that we should notice how important a part the method of comic appeal plays in the defensive structure with which he carefully encased his soul. It would be not too much to say that he achieved victory over life by inventing and cultivating a comic posture. The picture of "poor little old Lamb House and its corpulent, slowly circulating and slowly masticating master" is like the product of the insects that build a coral-reef: lifted from the deep touch by touch, it stands at last as the triumphant embodiment of a long battle fought and won. How important is the humorous element in the structure is only recognized when we notice that there is hardly anything which this delicious instrument cannot do. It compasses, enviably and admirably, almost every object in the universe. Do you want to describe a dog's illness, or the laying out of a garden, or an outbreak of fire in your study, or a crisis in the servants' hall, or the horrors of a crowded train-journey, or your feelings when asked to be a godfather? Look in these letters, and you will almost be persuaded that Henry James's way is the best way. But it is inadequate to the passions? You will not think so, as long as you are under the enchantment. It is chiefly in its application

to public matters—the Parnell case, Protection v. Free Trade, or the war—that its inadequacy becomes easily apparent, for these must be handled without *ambages*, if at all. The flatness of all such references when they occur, in spite of his strong and genuine feeling about the war, is very significant. Significant again, though we have no space to probe this, is the fact that this particular flatness almost disappears in his letters to Americans—not the letters to the friends who resemble himself in their eminence and their expatriation, but those in which he is in contact with the atmosphere of Boston and Cambridge (Mass.). It is here that he reacts most directly and sincerely.

This suggests that the analysis can be pushed a stage further, and that the safety-impulse, for all its issue in comedy, can be tracked to an ethical, to a religious source. Not that he was interested in religion or in cosmic questions. He had vague feelings about the British Empire (that it was animated by a mysterious principle of toughness) and about Free Trade (that it ranged everything decent on its side), but, apart from the problems of his craft, he had no intellectual energy to spare for the general or the abstract. Still, it can hardly be doubted that religion, the puritanism of New England, worked strongly in him, albeit atavistically and subconsciously, and that it is to this strain that we must look for his full comprehension. If we feel that, for all his care to make himself receptive to life, he yet shrinks in the last resort from its rank fullness, it is because his sour-faced forefathers in the bleak transatlantic air, with the fear of Jehovah in their hearts and the knowledge that hell-fire waits on pleasure, are there to whisper to him "It isn't safe." The whisper winds through tortuous channels, merges with the corrupter influences of Europe, and produces the strange flowers that we have seen. To this dominant force he owes not merely his steely toughness and his high conscience, but, above all, his love of difficulty. Puritan in the grain, his instinct is to approach both life and art as a problem, so that, as an artist, he can never dive directly into his material, but must focus his apprehension on the difficulties to such a tune that the material, almost with a sigh of relief, is sublimed away. In this light his controversy with Mr. Wells is full of instruction. It pained him to gather from "Boon" that, while he had enthusiastically appreciated and generously proclaimed the merits of Mr. Wells's work, his own art seemed to the younger man "extraordinarily futile and void." It is only void, he urges in effect, if no method is valid but that of a pell-mell impressionism. For himself, he holds that

Interest is a thing which may be, *must* be, exquisitely made and created, and that if we don't make it, we who undertake to, nobody and nothing will make it for us.

Things, that is to say, are not, as Mr. Wells's method implies, interesting just in themselves; the whole significance of life (and it is only through art that life becomes significant) lies in the endless problem of making them interesting. Admirable doctrine, but it takes us no further. Everything depends on what is projected; if a fullness of life, well and good; if not, however fascinating the gesture of projection, there must in the long run be futility and vacuum. Was it, then, a fullness of life that Henry James projected?

I think Mrs. Brook the best thing I've ever done—and Narda also much *done*. Voilà! Mitty marries Aggie by a calculation—in consequence of a state of mind—delicate and deep . . . It's absolute to him that N. will never have him—and she *appeals* to him for another girl, whom she sees him as "saving" (from things—realities she sees). If he does it (and she shows how she values him by wanting it) it is still a way of getting and keeping near her. . . She becomes, as it were, to him, responsible for his happiness—they can't (especially if the marriage goes ill) not be—given the girl that Nanda is—more, rather than less, together. . . Far-fetched? Well, I daresay; but so are diamonds and pearls.

William James, it appears, used to complain, surely with some justice, that this kind of thing was not life, and would urge his brother to address himself to realities. But the whispering ancestors, luxuriating in perplexities and clinging to a transcendental salvation, were too strong for the lover of life; inexorably they drove him to create a phantasmal world, peopled by unsubstantial Nandas and Aggies, and discreetly but firmly divorced from the lusts of the flesh, as the only world in which his emotions and his intelligence could be liberated. On those terms the surface of the visible world was free to his sensibility to range at will. With incredible virtuosity he made the fullest use of that freedom to set the two worlds in a created relation which, even if it lacks the qualities of the greatest poetic art, will continue to delight as long as any capacity to enjoy the refinements of literature survives.

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

THE BENT OF SCOTLAND

THOUGHTS ON THE UNION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.
By Albert V. Dicey, K.C., and Robert S. Rait. (Macmillan, 16s. net.)

FROM the Reformation down to the French Revolution, and even later, the genius of Scotland was religious and philosophic rather than political. It is true that especially in the seventeenth century, politics were religion, and religion to some extent politics. But if we take the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and the Scottish Parliament as separate entities, we perceive at once how important was the first in the life of the nation, and how insignificant the second. The Assembly controlled education, both university and popular; it could give orders to inferior courts; it had its say in the administration of the poor-law. Round it, as Mr. Dicey and Professor Rait well remark, had collected all the romance of Presbyterianism and its martyrs. On the other hand, the Parliament, a unicameral body, with a representative system restricted to King's freeholders, was merely the mouthpiece of the Lords of the Articles, a committee nominated in turn by the Crown. Devoid of popular sanction, it raised no effective opposition during the "killing time," whereas the Church never exercised a greater moral power than while the Assembly was suppressed.

The union of the two crowns, which Edward I. tried to bring about by conquest and other English kings by marriage alliances, came to pass through the extinction of the Tudor line. An incorporating union might have followed if James I. had been less of a pedant, and Charles I. not a bigot. But of all the hopeless religious adventures, that of imposing an episcopalian form of worship on Scotland was the most pronouncedly desperate, more especially when the comparative tactfulness of the "Five Articles of Perth" was followed by the ceremonial rigidity of Laud. Cromwell's legislative union was on the right lines, so far as the freedom of trade was concerned, but, imposed at the point of the sword, it was in the nature of a military occupation. His policy, at any rate, experienced a complete reversal at the Restoration, and upon the oppressions of the later Stuarts there ensued the massacre of Glencoe and the failure of the Darien scheme, wrecked, as every Scotch subscriber believed, through English intrigue. The two nations seemed further apart than ever, and yet, as so often happens, they were on the eve of junction, just as the South African war, a civil war in many of its features, led up to the Union of South Africa. And the compelling cause was not political or commercial, though the two Parliaments debated both topics at much length, but religious. A Union alone could avert the possibility of the return of the Stuarts, and their reappearance meant the domination of Louis XIV., the repealer of the Edict of Nantes.

Protestantism was thoroughly alarmed in both countries, and with reason. The General Assembly, therefore, threw its decisive weight on to the side of harmony, having obtained the all-important guarantee that the Presbyterian government, worship and discipline of the Church of Scotland should be subject to no alteration by the Commissioners.

If what we now call a referendum had been taken on the Union between England and Scotland, both countries would unquestionably have rejected it with derision. But there was no question of that, of course; a few wise men, with Somers as their leading spirit, imposed their cut-and-dried plan upon two docile Parliaments, and their will prevailed. Was there much bribery of the Scotch Parliament? It is difficult to say; Mr. Dicey and Professor Rait take a charitable view, but some of the conversions seem to have been abrupt. At all events, the Union was carried in the teeth of such public opinion as then existed, and its unpopularity was progressive for over half a century. In Scotland there was the feeling that the measure was not final, and the revival of the law of patronage, an adroit Tory move, unquestionably lent colour to the general apprehension. Complaints of over-taxation abounded, and while economists disputed the points at issue without satisfying anybody, smugglers, as the Porteous riots showed, were converted into public heroes. The decline of Edinburgh, through the removal of the Parliament, was not forgiven for generations. Sir Walter Scott confessed that, though he accepted the Union, he would never have voted for it.

In England the chief grievance was the intrusion of forty-five politicians into the House of Commons who voted precisely as they were told. The authors of this well-informed book make out as good a case for the forty-five as they can, and even discover principle in their revolt against Walpole, whereas the plain fact is that Sir Robert quarrelled with the Duke of Argyll and his brother, Lord Isla, who "managed" the Scotch elections. They asserted their independence when the question arose of punishing the Edinburgh bands that had executed mob law on the unfortunate Porteous, and, under the guidance of "Malachi Malagrowther," when the Tory Government tried to suppress the £1 notes. Otherwise they could be reckoned on to support the Government of the day, given a tall Lord Advocate whom they could follow into the right lobby. English resentment came to a head when Lord Bute not only packed Government offices with Scotchmen, but appeared about to impose a monstrous regiment of that race on Southern constituencies. He thrust "Ossian" Macpherson, for example, on distant Camelford. So Wilkes got to work in the *North Briton*; Dr. Johnson converted "Scotchman" into a term of knockdown opprobrium, and one Maccall judiciously reversed the syllables of his name in order to become the famous Almack.

Great international causes, such as the War of American Independence and the French Revolution, tended to bind the nations together, since it was no longer a case of vertical, but of lateral division of opinion. And, as time went on, the advantages of co-operation became overwhelming, particularly on the Scottish side. Trade, or rather careers, brought the Gladstones to Liverpool and the Drummonds to London; and Oliphants, Elphinstones, and countless others went forth to seek fame and fortune in India. Mr. Dicey and Professor Rait, who bring their "thoughts" to a somewhat precipitate conclusion, fail to take India into account at all. They also ignore Dugald Stewart, Playfair and other illustrious teachers to whom the brilliant young Englishmen of the day resorted, and who taught them in turn to be good Britons, thus consummating a union of minds far more vital than a union of legislatures.

LL. S.

THE WESTERN TEXT AGAIN

S. T. LUKE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By H. McLachlan. (Manchester, University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

TEXTUAL criticism of the New Testament in these days is moving towards a qualification of Hort's hypothesis. To call this movement a "reaction" would be too strong. Still, there are plain signs that Hort's resolute preference for the Neutral text over the Western text no longer commands the assent which it once enjoyed. Not that it was ever undisputed. Dean Burgon took care to make the world of letters ring with his protest, and he has had followers who have sometimes compromised their case by mixing up theological animus with critical analysis of the text. Nevertheless, for a time it did seem as if Hort had settled the general trend of criticism. That time is over, and from more sides than one the credentials of the Western text are being studied by men who profess to find more in it than Hort was willing to admit. This is especially the case with those who have had the patience to work over Von Soden's huge collection of arguments and data. Even by those who have no hypothesis to defend, it is realized that the Western text often preserves readings which intrinsically are superior to those of the Neutral text.

It is in Luke's two writings that the case for the Western text emerges most clearly. That the third Gospel and Acts came from the same pen is now axiomatic. That they were written by Luke is practically certain. That they bear a certain "medical" impress in their language is "a conclusion of modern scholars now seldom challenged," says Mr. McLachlan. As a matter of fact, it has been challenged recently by an American scholar, Mr. Cadbury, who is opening an attack upon this theory. But the theory will survive Mr. Cadbury's questioning, and, in any case, this is not a matter which really enters into Mr. McLachlan's business. He is out to uphold the superiority of the Western text of the third Gospel and Acts, to show how Western readings add often to our knowledge of Luke's personality and aim. His method is to select and discuss special passages which are regarded as salient. This makes the book somewhat scrappy. The reader is hurried from point to point, from one aspect of Luke to another, through all manner of detail. What is provided is a handbook to the Lucan writings, which is dominated by the idea that their meaning is to be generally seized by adhering to the Western text. Instead of developing the idea along the lines of textual criticism, Mr. McLachlan has illustrated it at work. Which makes his book more interesting, we admit, but at the same time is apt to suggest a somewhat eclectic and impressionist judgment.

Whatever be the merits of the Western text, Mr. McLachlan has pushed his case too far. The Western reading in Luke xxiii. 15, for example, is surely not original, nor is the addition of the allusion to the "stratopedarch" in Acts xxviii. 16. The Western text of Luke iii. 22, on the other hand, is probably correct, as Mr. McLachlan argues; and there is a case for the Lucan affinities of the Pericope Adulteræ, to which he devotes a special chapter. But what are claimed in many cases as Lucan characteristics in the Western text are no more than scribal glosses, like that in Luke xxiii. 54.

However, apart from his theory, Mr. McLachlan has contrived to put some suggestive material into his book. Luke to him is a personality, a man with distinct sympathies, with an eye for character, with a literary sense, and even with humour. The evidence for the last-named quality is slender, however. For the most part, it is drawn from the later part of Acts. Luke, Mr. McLachlan concludes,

had a keen sense of the ludicrous. The medley of great things and little, of things mundane and things celestial, of things low and things awful, is plainly shown in the juxtaposition of a Parable of the Kingdom with foolish pleas of guests invited to a feast, of the Lord's Prayer with the unwelcome Friend at Midnight, of the thrilling scene at Ephesus and the part played by an ignorant mob, of the lofty address of Paul at Athens and the contemptible news-mongering of the citizens. It is in such contrasts that humour and satire have their place, pointing out an intense, unspeakable incongruity.

Perhaps. But it is grave irony rather than humour. And Mr. McLachlan has missed an instance of this dry irony in Acts ii. 15. When Peter is protesting against the excitement of the disciples being set down to intoxication, he remarks: "Drink? Why, it is only nine o'clock in the morning!"

It is right to add that the author has acquainted himself with the best literature upon the subject, and that his criticisms, e.g., of Professor Torrey on Acts, are occasionally to the point. This is a book from which the student of the Lucan writings will learn much, whether he is among the conservatives or the revolutionaries in textual criticism.

NEW STUDIES IN VIRGIL

THE TREES, SHRUBS AND PLANTS OF VIRGIL. By John Sargeaunt. (Oxford, Blackwell. 6s. net.)

VERGIL AND THE ENGLISH POETS. By Elizabeth Nitchie. (New York, Columbia University Press; London, H. Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)

VIRGIL has had a greater and longer influence on style than any other poet in the world, though to-day, in a century that defies tradition, he has somewhat lost his hold. Yet the aspirations which made him the guide of Dante are no longer so easily dismissed for their vagueness as they might have been. The mysteries of Life, Death and Nature still haunt us for all our new knowledge, and the grown man sees a new treasure in the verses he learned as a boy and did not really understand. No one else expressed with equal felicity and force the doctrines of Empire; but though there is much of the same spirit in the two greatest colonizing powers the world has seen, it is not fashionable to talk of our Empire to-day. No one glorified with a more charming pen the dignity of labour, or felt more deeply its distresses. What phrase could describe the ruined fields of Belgium better than "squalent abductis arva colonis," and who can render its force with equal conciseness and point? Readers are apt to forget that Virgil, though a writer of exquisite taste, began as a countryman and retained his rustic appearance as well as his love of the country. The Eclogues, which, with Dr. Nitchie's leave, we rank above beginner's work, and the Georgics, in spite of their obvious debts to earlier poets, are touched with realism, differing in this from the highly artificial and frequently porcine crowd of imitators. Horace in Jonson's "Poetaster" ends his generous praise of Virgil thus:

And for his poesy, 'tis so rammed with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admired than now.

We can well believe that a rude soldier drove Virgil off his land into the Mincius, and that the "improbanser" worried him more than the reputation of Bavius and Mævius. It is a blot on English scholarship that there has been for years no edition of the "Vitæ Vergilianæ" such as that produced by Diehl (Bonn, 1911). The tree and plant lore of Virgil has also been neglected since Martyn's time by English editors, who have been satisfied with misleading renderings. Mr. Sargeaunt has now filled the gap with a masterly catalogue in alphabetical order, with Italian equivalents and, where possible, English ones. The subject is full of traps and difficulties. The Romans had no cedars, peaches, and strawberries of our

sort. Virgil sometimes used his own knowledge and sometimes followed the Greek flora. His adjectives may refer to a part of a plant which is of no importance to us; he may be embroidering tradition, writing as a Gaul rather than a Roman, or using obscure words for colours which give us no certain hints. Mr. Sargeant clears up these doubts convincingly. He has read, botanized in Italy, grown many of the shrubs himself, and even eaten some of the less desirable fruits and vegetables. He is able to compare the ancient and modern type of roses, though he slips over the name of Triptolemus Yellowley at the end of his account. We once heard a Canadian settler say that he had got some good hints out of the Georgics, and perhaps Mr. Sargeant could tell us more, if he chose, about the Virgilian recipes for success. The distinction of the wild sort of verbenas, the English vervain, not the cultivated flower known as verbenas, is somewhat surprising, for it is not a showy plant at all. It has very small flowers which are surely not "blueish," but lilac in colour. Some lost folk-lore is at the back of its importance. One may compare the insignificant weed with the grand name Enchanter's Nightshade. Mr. Sargeant's work is full of interest and pleasantly relieved with touches of humour. He deserves in his own garden the success of the old Corycian.

A host of teachers in America want degrees, and get them with dissertations which are the result of industry rather than of original research, brilliant theory, or taste. Dr. Nitchie shows ample diligence, and has taken to heart Landor's caution about the folly of the parallel-hunter. But no one would take her for a Virgil enthusiast or a writer of distinction. She is solid and stolid. She puts forward, too, statements which are justified, perhaps, in America, but cannot be passed as true of this country. The connection between the English and classical literatures is perfectly realized over here, and not seldom "stressed" by the lovers and teachers of both. The man who can quote more than a few lines of Virgil is not rare with us, though he may be a prodigy round Columbia University. English education produces amateurs who are fully equipped and sometimes, when they turn into what O. Henry calls "error-sharps," give shocks to teachers. Even in Parliament Virgil has not been quite given up, as is frequently stated. A recent Prime Minister quoted him.

The most interesting of earlier users of Virgil is Chaucer, who put him on a pillar of tinned iron. In explaining the use of a base metal Dr. Nitchie is ingenious and original. When we come to later poets, the amount of indebtedness of a direct sort is uncertain. Virgil belongs to the common stock of romantic material or everyday commonplace, and imitations of his imitators or translators are frequent. Milton clearly was a good Virgilian, and many parallels are cited. But we miss two which Keats admired intensely. Proserpine stolen by gloomy Dis, "which cost Ceres all that pain To seek her through the world" (P.L. iv. 270), and "nor could the Muse defend Her son" (P.L. vii. 38) strike Keats as "specimens of a very extraordinary beauty" and "exclusively Miltonic without the shadow of another mind ancient or modern." The scholar will recognize both as Virgilian. There is little of Virgil's spirit except his "curiosa felicitas" in Pope, whose fine effects of metre are not in his pinchbeck Pastorals. There is some truth in Dr. Nitchie's contention that various admirers of Homer put Virgil in the background, but she carries it too far. From a short and rather vague sentence we gather that Gray preferred Greek to Latin. This is ridiculous: he was a man of great learning who knew, used, and loved both. His poems owe more to Latin poets from Virgil and Horace down to the Renaissance writers than to Greek.

It is odd that the learned notes of Mitford (1814) and

the latest American cram-book on the "Elegy" both ignore "mutas agitare inglorius artes" (Æn. xii. 397) as the source of "some mute inglorious Milton." The owl's "ancient solitary reign" is the "deserta regna" of Georgic iii. 476. The "bloom of young desire and purple light of love" in "The Progress of Poetry" is from Æn. i. 590. In "The Bard" the "sweeping whirlwind's sway" is Virgil at two removes via Dryden. Gray's Latin poems include such direct echoes as

Non ego vos posthac Arni de rupe videbo,

and he has ventured "debellate" in a prose letter to Wharton, who doubtless understood the word better than one of Gray's modern editors. Collins wrote of "the temperate strength of Maro's line" in comparison with Lucan; and Byron, we note in view of the paragraph on him, thought it worth while to translate and publish over 400 lines concerning Nisus and Euryalus. Byron also ventured on the briefest fragment of a classical quotation known to us. *Tantane!* appears in "Don Juan," xii. 33. Landor was a fine classic, but decidedly freakish in his judgment. His views lend a liveliness to Dr. Nitchie's page which is rare. Crabbe's protest against the Virgilian pastoral is duly quoted (p. 199); but no mention is made of the fact that it was considerably heightened in tone by Johnson, who revised the lines. The sequence of praise reaches its height in Tennyson's incomparable tribute to Virgil, which we are glad to see printed in full. But it is not improved by the spelling "forever," or a misquotation from it on the very next page. As Calverley remarked:

Forever; 'tis a single word!
Our rude forefathers deem'd it two

And nevermore must printer do
As men did long ago; but run
"For" into "ever," bidding two
Be one.

Tennyson would have groaned over this Americanism, but we suppose typesetters' unions rule everything in the States, even the text of English poets in University publications. Quoting Matthew Arnold's praise of Virgil in the Essay on Joubert, Dr. Nitchie might have added Newman's, which gives with deeper feeling that appreciation of his tenderness and sad earnestness which seems essentially modern. She is mistaken in saying that "the Latin poet has left little impress" on Arnold's poetry. The very marrow of Virgil is in his tribute to his dog in "Geist's Grave," noting

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears in human things.

Here is the divine vagueness of the original which still engages the battle of the pedants. Not less felicitous is "Felix qui potuit" applied to Goethe in "Memorial Verses":

And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

The present Poet Laureate is a declared Virgilian, and we remember a mock Eclogue due to that strayed Augustan, Mr. Austin Dobson. "Autumn Idyll," with its "Say, *formose puer*," and rival singers for a prize, is delightful.

The biographer of Dickens on whom Dr. Nitchie relies for the statement that there is not one allusion to the classics in his books is wrong. "Christ's Church" is not English, though it might be, and Ben Jonson did not say that Shakespeare had "little Latin and less Greek." Finally, if the writer had read Donatus or Servius on Virgil, she would know that he was called "Parthenias," not "Virgo."

V. R.

A CASE OF DEBILITY

BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS. By S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

NO book could illustrate better than this the want of balanced judgment in modern English letters. Not that Mr. Mais himself can be said in any high sense to belong to modern English letters, but unfortunately his method of frenzied and careless appreciation is just what may appeal to and deceive formless, illiterate minds with a vague sense of their own formlessness and a lazy desire to improve without any self-discipline. At a time when critics of proved ability know that it is useless to visit a publisher unless they are ready to put their hands in their pockets, a second-rate chatterer who, on his own showing, has nothing of his own to say, is apparently profitable to his publisher because of his close affinity to the common mind. In Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd's new novel "Prestige" there is an editor of a popular journal who demands of his young writers "guts and glow." Mr. Mais would have warned his heart indeed.

If it were only a case of Wilcoxism, one might say, like Falstaff to the over-appreciative hostess, "peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-brain," and proceed to other business; but what comes from Mr. Mais is much worse than gush. He is a man of some education and intelligence troubled with auto-intoxication. The excuse that he makes for this exhibition proves it. Having, as he says, a very meagre mental garden of his own, and having been physically debarred from more useful occupations during the war, he has been reduced to plucking the flowers and fruit in other men's gardens, and wishes to share his "golden pleasures" with other people—that is how he puts it. But that is not what he has done. If he had displayed the posies and the fruit raised by other men, without any comment of his own, and offered them for sale to the public, it would have been as impudent but less unpleasant. Instead, he has passed all these "golden pleasures" through the irritable chemistry of his own brain, and it is the result of this process which he puts complacently before us. He has tried, he says, not to obtrude his personality, yet the whole book reeks of it. There is not one author so treated by him of whom the reader will get a just estimate, for frothy appreciation is not justice; but there is one author whom the reader will come to know all too well, and he is Mr. Mais. Even in his interminable and ill-written summaries of other men's work, of which the bulk of this book consists, Mr. Mais obtrudes himself. He cannot create, he cannot judge, and with his own clamour he deafens judgment.

He feebly promises that he does not set up to be a literary critic. Then why not keep these effusions for his own waste-paper basket? What excuse is there for writing a book of literary appreciations when you deliberately disclaim the only qualification for writing such a book, and when you deliberately set down opinions which imply critical judgments? It was not humility which dictated this excuse. No, Mr. Mais is not humble. He appears to himself quite a fine figure, a kind of jolly Grandgousier with a fabulous appetite for good things. "Ho!" he shouts, "I will show you how to be a literary trencher-man. Observe my gusto. Nothing comes amiss to me: solid joints and kickshaws, fish and fruit and fowl, I gobble them all. Look at me, you timid feeders, and learn how a man of parts enjoys himself at the lavish board of modern English literature!" And so with much smacking of the lips and sundry hiccups Mr. Mais bolts Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Reginald McKenna, the Georgian poets, Dora Sigerson, Jane Austen, Dorothy Richardson, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir E. T. Cook, Lafcadio Hearn and others—all with the same lamentable results. Of course he is always hungry when he cannot

keep anything down. Mr. Mais is not a literary critic, it is true, but the real reason why he does not try to be one is that he will not, or cannot, take the trouble. His affliction leaves him no time. He is so hungry that he cannot stop to think before he feeds, and when he has fed he must rush to the ink-pot to relieve the intolerable griping of his brain. Out it comes, helter-skelter, in slipshod, hurried language, without order, grace or distinction. The personal "I," the editorial "we" and the generic "we" are all jumbled up, and it would appear, in some cases, that, having read a book, Mr. Mais immediately props it up in front of him and proceeds to summarize it clumsily page by page, so imperative is the reaction due to his unfortunate diathesis.

It is the presence of beauty that never fails to show Mackenzie at his best. He is one of Nature's great interpreters—and I am not sure that he is not woman's best interpreter.

What does that last sentence mean? With what other writers is the comparison made? Mr. Mais knows not and cares not. On, on the pen must go and never erase. After two inadequate pages on Mr. McKenna, in which he quite fails to deal with that author's "case," he remarks:

Having written so far, I am troubled. I don't want to cross it all out because it is in some measure true. But it is not the whole truth.

And his way of getting at the whole truth is only to summarize another "readable" book by Mr. McKenna. Was there ever such futility?

I suppose "The Lily of Malud" is the most famous poem in the book, and certainly in this magic narrative he [Mr. Squire] justifies his use of his extraordinary metre.

Poets of his calibre [Mr. Sassoon's] are rare indeed.

For dull must be he of vision who cannot realise from the very first pages of this book [Mr. Robert Nichols' "Ardours and Endurances"] that he pursues his one aim with consistent zeal and a wealth of diction that will ensure his reaching heights undreamt of by most other poets of our time.

If it is the test of genius that it feels more acutely than the rest of us, Dora Sigerson must stand at the head of the geniuses of our time.

Mr. Strachey does give us a picture of life: it is interesting to know that in that molluscous age there were found people of energy, people of ambition, crafty, mean, spiteful, petty, passionate men and women

—this last being the final sentence of a long chapter in which Mr. Mais has the assurance to give a complete decoction (to call it nothing worse) of Mr. Strachey's witty book.

These are the specimens which Mr. Mais presents for our inspection. Only a few have been selected, but they are typical; and if anyone thinks that Mr. Mais is being wronged in this review, let him read the reasons given why Mr. Mais was not at first interested in Mr. Strachey's biography of Cardinal Manning, and the still more terrible final pages of the last chapter, in which Mr. Mais exhibits without restraint the awful banality of his mind. It would be intolerable to have these things inflicted on one in a club or at a tea-table, and there is no reason why they should be tolerated in a book. They all imply critical judgments, but they are based neither on comprehension nor on discrimination. It is the voice of M. Perrichon speaking without the excuse of M. Perrichon's career: for Mr. Mais is an Oxford man and a schoolmaster. He has lately been appointed the chief teacher of English to the cadets of the Royal Air Force. It is a sad reflection.

O. W.

A COLLECTION of paintings from the Galerie des Beaux-Arts of Paris will be shown at the Grafton Galleries from April 16 to May 4. The collection contains works by Monticelli, Renoir, Manet, Tiepolo, Greuze, Rubens, and others; and there will also be numerous works by Steinlen, by Henry de Groux, the Belgian artist, and by Fornerod.

KENSINGTONIA

A REMEDY AGAINST SIN. By W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE author who sets out deliberately to write a novel with a purpose must content himself with being a little less than an artist, a little more than a preacher. To accept life, and by thus accepting it to present us with the problem—that is not his chief concern. He is the brilliant lawyer who is bound to look at life from the point of view of his case—who cannot therefore afford to inquire into the evidence that would make the guilty less guilty, or, always with the success of his case in mind, to despise the ridiculous excess of painting the lily and throwing a perfume on the violet.

In "A Remedy against Sin" Mr. W. B. Maxwell has chosen to obscure his talents under a wig and gown that he may deliver a tremendous attack against the monstrous injustice of our present divorce laws. His description of the "typical" upper-middle-class family, of which the heroine, Clare, is the younger daughter, is very skilful and amusing. As we read of old Mrs. Gilmour drifting through her large, desirable family residence, always looking for something, or wondering what she has lost or forgotten or ought to have remembered; as we encounter full-blown Emily, the married daughter with the hard laugh and chaffing ways, and all the various members down to Clare, the young girl, just "out," whom nobody wants—who fits in nowhere, we feel it could hardly be better done. It is an admirably painted portrait of what we might call an old-fashioned modern family. Then comes the adventurer, Roderick Vaughan, who makes up his mind to win Clare, and because she is lonely and vaguely unhappy and feels herself unwanted, he succeeds to the extent of her running away from home one afternoon and putting herself under his protection. The young man, trading upon the family sense of honour and horror of anything approaching a scandal, plays his cards so cleverly that they are forced to acknowledge him and to arrange for a fashionable wedding, even though he is almost a complete stranger and they know nothing of his past or his present and ignore the fact that he is vulgar, ill-bred and loud. Now, of course, comes the awakening for the poor heroine, and Mr. Maxwell spares her nothing. She is married to a beast, a bully, a torturer, and there is no escape. Up to this point we must admit that "A Remedy against Sin" is a great deal better than the majority of novels. The character of Roderick Vaughan—his disposition, which is, as it were, a series of bounds and rebounds—the whole temper and feeling of the book, place it far above the average. But then, more or less suddenly, we are conscious of the purpose.

Clare, from being an innocent, rather charming creature, changes into a martyr; she disappears, and is from henceforth a soft cheverel conscience, submissive to her lord, boundlessly forgiving, less than the dust, in fact, beneath his chariot wheels. We cannot imagine a more effectual goad to a bold bad man than the sight of so great meekness. The purpose becomes dreadfully clear. There is a child—of course there is a child—delicate, tender, born to wring our hearts and die. And as the book sets, the shadow of the Divorce Court grows larger and larger, darker and darker. Of course, the case is defended. Women of England—ye who have the vote—of course Roddy wins, and there is naught for the lily-white, white-as-snow Clare but to go out into the dark, a branded woman, with her innocent friend, a ruined man, at her side.

But—hold! Why did Clare's family let her marry the man? Why, having married, did she submit? Which was her greater tragedy—the loss of her innocence or

seeing her name in the newspapers? And if the opinion of the lady shoppers in Sloane Street mattered so awfully—what was her worth? Why, when the case was decided against her, did not her strong, splendid friend say: "Look here, darling, if people are so vile, let's go away and leave them to their vileness and be gloriously happy together"? Instead of which, she pinned on an hysterical hat and raved about being his mistress and "they went out into the darkness hand in hand." It is 1920, ladies and gentlemen! If we must have a novel with a purpose, let our novelist remember. Let him send them into the light hand in hand—with Kensington behind them for ever!

K. M.

AN AMMUNITION DUMP

THE CASE FOR NATIONALIZATION. By A. Emil Davies. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. paper; 4s. 6d. cl. net.)

THE strength of the case for Social Democracy as it was presented by Karl Marx and his immediate followers lay in its appeal to man's passion for liberty. Capitalist society, in their view, was essentially a tyranny in which one class dominated and disposed of another. Nationalization, or rather communization, of the means of production was the method of liberation, the weapon by which the bourgeois tyrant was to be overthrown and a free society inaugurated and maintained; it was, so to speak, part of the strategy of emancipation.

With the development of a less revolutionary phase of Socialist thought, the case for nationalization inevitably and almost insensibly changed. If the common ownership of the means of production was to be achieved piecemeal, industry by industry, and through the ordinary methods of politics, it became necessary to justify each step not simply by reference to the ultimate and distant goal, but also by the results to be expected from it here and now in the existing structure of society. Hence the Fabian Socialists came to base their arguments more and more on the efficiency of State-owned concerns; to rely more and more on the plea that the nationalization of this industry or that would, even with society organized on its present basis, increase the wealth or, at any rate, the economic welfare of the community.

The current controversies about the mines and the railways will largely turn on this class of argument, and it is with this class of argument that Mr. Davies is principally concerned. The backbone of his book is the plea that the public will be better served if industry is in the hands of public authorities than it is by private enterprise. This view he supports not only on the ground that nationalization means substituting the "ideal of service" for the scramble for profit as the governing motive in industry, but principally by an appeal to experience; a large part of the book is taken up with quotations designed to show how successful various publicly managed enterprises have been in different parts of the British Empire. Mr. Davies is not very critical of the evidence he has collected; for example, several of his quotations are from the advertisements of the authorities responsible for the undertakings; would he himself accept the pronouncements of, let us say, Mr. Ponderevo's publicity department as evidence of the efficiency of Tono-Bungay? Another prominent feature of the book is an array of damaging admissions from the speeches and writings of his opponents. Quotations of this kind are commonly accounted to be peculiarly effective on the platform—as also are "concrete" facts and illustrations. Mr. Davies' volume should, therefore, prove a useful armoury for propagandists in the forthcoming campaign; it is an invaluable ammunition dump for the army of nationalizing orators to draw upon. Scientific inquirers will look for a more critical and less one-sided presentation of the case.

LIVES OF THE HUNTED

MONARCH, THE BIG BEAR OF TALLAC. By Ernest Thompson Seton. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
ANIMAL HEROES. (Same author and publishers. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON is a distinguished naturalist and a lover of animals. He is also a very excellent writer of stories; and it is this latter not easily definable quality that has won him fame. His tales of animals do not always ring quite true as records. We detect in them every now and then a tendency to "fake." They have not, on the other hand, the charm and power which give the "Jungle Books," frankly allegorical, a unique position in modern literature. They are the work of a good craftsman, not of a magician.

But they have, one and all, the real stuff of story-telling in them. Make a beginning of any of the stories of "Animal Heroes," and you shall find it hard enough to stop before the end. The author never lets your interest flag. He has many of the qualities of a good journalist—and the work of the journalist of the first quality has certain resemblances to that of the short-story writer of a quality a little lower than the first.

Mr. Thompson Seton lays claim to greater truthfulness than we have been prepared to admit. In each case, he tells us, he has adopted but two devices, each legitimate enough. He has selected for his hero an unusual individual, standing out from his fellows by reason of his size, strength, speed or cunning. Then he has ascribed to that animal a whole series of adventures which have been recorded of several of his kind.

The least composite, the truest to life, is said to be the story of Arnaux, the homing pigeon. It is certainly one of the best. But we confess we find some of it difficult to reconcile with the evidence of the Army "pigeoneers," experts in their way. These admirably idle and contented persons whom we used to find, pipe in mouth, lying in the sun beside a motor-bus converted into a pigeon-loft, oblivious of the conflict of nations in which they played a not unimportant part, held that the memory of the very best pigeon even for his permanent home was relatively short. His memory for his motor-bus did not extend beyond a week, and it was the custom in the trenches, when birds were not released within four days, to take them back and replace them by others from the loft. Conversely, they taught that a pigeon would learn to regard a new place of abode as his home within a few weeks. Arnaux, the pigeon of this story, is imprisoned for breeding purposes by a fancier in Syracuse, N.Y., for two years, and on release makes straight for his loft in New York. We do not reject that story, but we should like to refer it to one of our "pigeoneer" friends. They are scattered far and wide, living, we fear, more laborious days than when we used to converse with them.

We have spoken of Mr. Thompson Seton as a lover of animals. That is one of the characteristics which raise his work above the level of magazine fiction, to which it naturally belongs. There is a noble passion in his hatred of cruelty, a sympathy with the hunted, an admiration for the courage of the bear and wolf at bay, that give a real dignity to these stories.

Curiously enough, he seems to hold the dog in less esteem. But for Snap, the bull-terrier, the dogs of these books are a cowardly set. The difficulty in wolf-hunting is to combine sufficient speed with the requisite strength and courage. But surely Mr. Thompson Seton's fox-hounds, "too thin-skinned to fight," that were routed by "Badlands Billy" and the "Winnipeg Wolf," were degenerates? We think four couple of really game hounds, hunting "so that a table-cloth would cover them," as the saying goes, should be able to roll over in the open any wolf ever whelped.

MARGINALIA

TO all lovers of unfamiliar quotations, aphorisms, great thoughts and intellectual gems, I would heartily recommend a heavy volume recently published in Brussels and entitled "Pensées sur la Science, la Guerre et sur des sujets très variés." The book contains some twelve or thirteen thousand quotations, selected from a treasure of one hundred and twenty-three thousand great thoughts gleaned and garnered by the industry of Dr. Maurice Legat—an industry which will be appreciated at its true value by anyone who has ever made an attempt to compile a commonplace book or private anthology of his own. The almost intolerable labour of copying out extracts can only be avoided by the drastic use of the scissors; and there are few who can afford the luxury of mutilating their copies of the best authors.

For some days I made Dr. Legat's book my *livre de chevet*. But I had very soon to give up reading it at night, for I found that the Great often said things so peculiar that I was kept awake in the effort to discover their meaning. Why, for example, should it be categorically stated by Lamennais that "si les animaux connaissaient Dieu, ils parleraient"? What could Cardinal Maury have meant when he said, "L'éloquence, compagne ordinaire de la liberté [astonishing generalization!], est inconnue en Angleterre"? These were mysteries insoluble enough to counteract the soporific effects of such profound truths as this, discovered, apparently, in 1846 by M. C. H. D. Duponchel, "Le plus sage mortel est sujet à l'erreur."

Dr. Legat has found some pleasing quotations on the subject of England and the English. His selection proves with what fatal ease even the most intelligent minds are lured into making generalizations about national character, and how grotesque those generalizations always are. Montesquieu informs us that "dès que sa fortune se délabre, un anglais tue ou se fait voler." Of the better half of this potential murderer and robber Balzac says, "La femme anglaise est une pauvre créature vertueuse par force, prête à se dépraver." "La vanité est l'âme de toute société anglaise," says Lamartine. Ledru-Rollin is of opinion that all the riches of England are "des dépouilles volées aux tombeaux."

The Goncourts risk a characteristically dashing generalization on the national characters of England and France: "L'Anglais, filou comme peuple, est honnête comme individu. Il est le contraire du Français, honnête comme peuple, et filou comme individu." If one is going to make a comparison Voltaire's is more satisfactory because less pretentious. Strange are the ways of you Englishmen,

qui, des mêmes couteaux,

Coupez la tête au roi et la queue aux chevaux.

Nous Français, plus humains, laissons aux rois leurs têtes,
Et la queue à nos bêtes.

It is unfortunate that history should have vitiated the truth of this pithy and pregnant statement.

But the bright spots in this enormous tome are rare. After turning over a few hundred pages one is compelled, albeit reluctantly, to admit that the Great Thought or Maxim is nearly the most boring form of literature that exists. Others, it seems, have anticipated me in this grand discovery. "Las de m'ennuyer des pensées des autres," says d'Alembert, "j'ai voulu leur donner les miennes; mais je puis me flatter de leur avoir rendu tout l'ennui que j'avais reçu d'eux." Almost next to d'Alembert's statement I find this confession from the pen of J. Roux (1834-1906): "Emettre des pensées, voilà ma consolation, mon délice, ma vie!" Happy Monsieur Roux!

Turning dissatisfied from Dr. Legat's anthology of thought, I happened upon the second number of *Proverbe*, a monthly review, four pages in length, directed by M. Paul Eluard and counting among its contributors Tristan Tzara

of "Dada" fame, Messrs. Soupault, Breton and Aragon, the directors of *Littérature*, M. Picabia, M. Ribemont-Dessaignes and others of the same kidney. Here, on the front page of the March number of *Proverbe*, I found the very comment on Great Thoughts for which I had, in my dissatisfaction, been looking. The following six maxims are printed one below the other: the first of them is a quotation from the *Intransigeant*; the other five appear to be the work of M. Tzara, who appends a foot-note to this effect: "Je m'appelle dorénavant exclusivement Monsieur Paul Bourget." Here they are:

Il faut violer les règles, oui, mais pour les violer il faut les connaître.

Il faut régler la connaissance, oui, mais pour la régler il faut la violer.

Il faut connaître les viols, oui, mais pour les connaître il faut les régler.

Il faut connaître les règles, oui, mais pour les connaître il faut les violer.

Il faut régler les viols, oui, mais pour les régler il faut les connaître.

Il faut violer la connaissance, oui, mais pour la violer il faut la régler.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Legat will find room for at least a selection of these profound thoughts in the next edition of his book. "LE passé et LA pensée n'existent pas," affirms M. Raymond Duncan on another page of *Proverbe*. It is precisely after taking too large a dose of "Pensées sur la Science, la Guerre et sur des sujets très variés" that one half wishes the statement were in fact true.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, April 16, 1920.

A FORTNIGHT ago as I wrote for this page there was nothing to disturb the repose necessary even to the most casual of literary jottings. It was the eve of Easter, to be sure, and the sensational press was making the preparations for a Sinn Féin rising which have become since 1916 as inevitable a journalistic annual as the sea-serpent. Our village Prussians, not to be outdone, were making great play with barbed-wire entanglements and tanks, doubtless in order to refute the theory that the pen of Fleet Street is mightier for sensationalism than the sword of Dublin Castle. But, on the whole, it could be said, with the sublime inhumanity of the now consecrated phrase, that there was "nothing to report" on this Irish front. At all events, to those of us now broken to the discipline of the Curfew law, and unattached to the service of militant Nationalism, nothing more terrible was promised by Easter than the opening of the Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition. That threat, unlike the Rising, was realized, and on Easter Tuesday the worst was revealed. The experience proved no less formidable than usual, and, if a good average of "output" was recorded, nothing challenged special comment except the picture entitled "Homage to Sir Hugh Lane," by Mr. John Keating, A.R.H.A. Grouped about a table are Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Hutchinson Poë, Bart., and Messrs. W. B. Yeats, George Russell, Dermot O'Brien, Richard Orpen, Thomas Bodkin and Alderman Thomas Kelly, the recently released hunger-striking Lord Mayor of Dublin. These gentlemen all look exceedingly self-conscious and uncomfortable, presumably because they have just been shocked by the vision of Sir Hugh Lane as he looms in the background, green and wan, like one risen from the grave. Mr. Keating is one of our most interesting and original artists, but this defiant canvas does not show him to advantage.

At the Academy there were only two pictures by Mr. Jak B. Yeats, but they stood out from the mass of conventional work by reason of their individuality and charm. Mr. Yeats is as original and as unmistakably Irish as Synge, and his own exhibition, which followed the opening of the Academy in a couple of days, once more provided evidence of this, as well as an immense relief from the uninspired correctness of the academically blessed. The collection of drawings and pictures of life in the West of Ireland which is now being exhibited is exceedingly characteristic and representative. Mr. Yeats, no doubt, has a convention of his own, which has

already attracted imitators, but he has real vision and a perfect command of the means of expressing what he sees. It is not the mere chance which coupled his name with Synge's as the illustrator of "The Aran Islands" that again brings the two names in juxtaposition. For all his preoccupation with primitive life, Synge was sophisticated in his artistic delight in the selection of language and situation. The charm of Mr. Jack Yeats lies largely in the unaffected naïveté of his scenes. His countryfolk are superb as they stand before us invested with the boyish glamour of their associations. A picture like the "Shamrock and Anchor Man" or "The Forester" is composed of elements as simple and as national as went to the making of Synge's "Riders to the Sea." While they evoke all the emotions with which each little detail is subtly intertwined, they leave the impression of a universal emotion springing from a real vision of life. The gambler at a country fair, the ballad singer, the Indian rider at a village circus, are figures called up out of the romantic memories of childhood, and drawn by a hand which can preserve the quality of childish imagination beneath a consummate technique.

Two creditable performances of Andreiev's "Life of Man" were given by the Dublin Drama League just before the activities of the whole country were hushed by the approach of a tragedy which banished all other thoughts from men's minds. For two days a national strike was made in protest against the refusal of the authorities to abide by the agreement to recognize the status of the political prisoners in Mountjoy Prison. In the end a lawyer discovered that the hunger-strike to which the prisoners had resorted would involve the authorities in the crime of murder if, as they announced, they allowed the prisoners to die. The men were released at the point of death, and a period of ten days' excruciating tension ended in what the crowd regarded as a victory for the general strike.

In the circumstances our minds have been turned away from the pursuits which are normally the occasion of these "Notes." Official institutions like the Royal Hibernian Academy remained open on the 13th and 14th of April, but I noticed that Mr. Yeats closed his exhibition for the whole period of the strike. For myself, I was prompted to the only literary reference which the occasion suggested—the contrast between the punishment of mere detention inflicted on Cobbett and Leigh Hunt for proven political offences a century ago, and the barbarous treatment as common criminals to-day of men against whom no charge has been brought nor offence proven. When Leigh Hunt was condemned to two years' imprisonment for a treasonable libel on the Prince Regent, his prison quarters were described by Lamb as like "no other room except in a fairy tale." He had a garden whose flowers excited the admiration of Thomas Moore, and there, he says, "I wrote and read in fine weather." As for the interior, a full description of it would exceed the space at my disposal. The walls were papered "with a trellis of roses," the ceiling was "coloured with clouds and sky," the barred windows "screened with Venetian blinds," while his bookcases and a piano added to the amenities.

B.

We have received from the S.P.C.K. two excellent little tracts in their "Helps for Students of History" series: "Hints on Translation from Latin into English" (6d. net) and "Hints on the Study of Latin" (8d. net), both by Professor Alexander Souter. In the first, besides those general principles of translation which are totally ignored in nine out of every ten translations printed, the author insists on the need of consulting as many independent dictionaries as possible, not neglecting the very old ones. He insists on a fuller knowledge of meanings, instancing such words as *debilis*, which means "maimed," not "weak," and *comes*, which is "an attendant," not "a companion." A list of good grammars, and a hint as to the reason for certain "poetical" forms, together with some specimen translations, follow. Finally the translator is advised not to rely on the latest texts—the earliest printed sometimes preserve the correct form. The "Hints on Study" offer information as to general works on later classical Latin, works connected with particular author, and special notes on their vocabulary. Even competent scholars might derive some information from Professor Souter's pages. The book is one mass of erudition.

Science

A PRINCIPLE AND ITS INTERPRETATION

IF we contrast ancient with modern scientific theories we find that the chief distinguishing characteristic of the former is that they employ principles drawn from other branches of knowledge or speculation. It would be, perhaps, rash to say that modern science, in all its branches, is yet completely autonomous; sometimes, for instance, it seems to make assumptions which are the result of an uncritical philosophy, but even the grossest of these examples, compared with many celebrated early scientific theories, shows how great is the purification that has been effected. The chief error of the old speculators consisted in imagining that the world is a more obvious unity than we have now any reason to suppose. Hence they were always willing to argue by "analogy," comparing terms between which we cannot now find the slightest resemblance. The method was not only illegitimate, but sometimes led to quite unnecessary complexities of explanation. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy, for instance, conceived as the theory that the heavenly bodies revolve round the earth, was a perfectly reasonable and satisfactory theory. It was capable of explaining all the observed planetary motions, except a few minute irregularities requiring precise measurements for their detection. Its proper development required, of course, complete docility in face of the facts. But in its actual development it was forced to accommodate itself to quite other considerations. It had to take into account the venerable principle that, the celestial bodies being obviously sublime, incorrupt and perfect, their orbits must be perfect and described with uniform velocities. The only possible perfect orbit was as obviously a circle. Hence the Ptolemaic theory was loaded with the task of explaining the observed heavenly motions on two grounds: first, that the earth was stationary and at the centre of the system, and second, that the planetary orbits were circular and described with unvarying velocities. Alternative hypotheses were not only stupid but impious. The task thus set to the early astronomers was one of considerable difficulty.

The observed path of a planet, say Mars, or Jupiter, or Saturn, is by no means simple. If its motion amongst the stars be watched from night to night it is seen to be moving sometimes from east to west and sometimes from west to east. Further, in changing its direction of motion it does not retrace its path amongst the stars. Its actual observed path exhibits irregular loops, and, more rarely, a twisted line. It was at once obvious that a circular orbit, traversed with uniform velocity, would not suffice to explain these appearances. Nevertheless, the principle must be preserved. The astronomers overcame this difficulty by a device that strikes one as being almost disingenuous. They imagined a small circle whose centre traversed the circumference of the big circle with a constant velocity and round whose own circumference the planet moved with a constant velocity. By assigning suitable velocities to these two motions the crude features of the planet's actual observed motion could be represented—it would sometimes be retrograde and sometimes direct. This is ingenious, but it is questionable whether it preserves the principle. The planet's motion is obtained by circular motions, it is true, but it is not itself a circular motion with reference to the earth as centre. The astronomers have entered on a slippery path. We view them with the same suspicion with which we watch a Broad Churchman expounding the Thirty-Nine Articles. But they had to go further. The theoretical and the observed motions

did not fit well enough. On the little circle it was necessary to imagine a still smaller circle, and to place the planet on its circumference. After all, this interpretation of "circular motion" once admitted, there was no reason why it should not be followed up. But progress in this direction soon came to a halt. It became evident that this method would not, by itself, reconcile observation and theory. The principle had to be strained again, and this time in an almost indefensible manner. It was declared that the big circle was eccentric with respect to the earth and that the little circles were eccentric with respect to their supposed former centres. This assertion must have been a great strain on the faith of the orthodox believer. He may well have wondered whether, by this time, the pure doctrine of his fathers had not been subtly undermined. Circular motion was still preserved, in a way, it is true, but with so many circles, and their centres all over the place—this must have appeared something very different from what he supposed the principle to mean.

The same difficulty was felt by simple minds in modern times, when the correct explanations of statements in Genesis were worked out by the theologians. And just as the simple story of the Creation in Genesis became transformed into an extremely obscure and ambiguous anticipation of the discoveries of Geology, so the interpretation of circular motion advanced from complexity to complexity. Immutable principles must exist, of course—it is part of the glory of man that he should have been able to discover so many of them—but they sometimes seem more trouble than they are worth. The old astronomers found that yet again a more liberal interpretation must be given to the principle of circular motion. This time it was found that the circles do not all lie in one plane. Each circle has its own plane, which may be inclined at any angle to the others. By this time the theorists, whom we might call the "commentators," had forged a very powerful method. Circles could be multiplied; their centres could be placed anywhere; their planes could be inclined at any angle. The rich content of the principle of circular motion was now fully revealed. With all these variables to play with a very close correspondence between theory and observation was effected.

The rise of the "higher criticism" of this system leads to the history of modern astronomy. It is to be noted, however, that the first higher critic, like the first higher critics in other departments, was not wholly emancipated from his early teaching. Copernicus effected the immense revolution of placing the sun in the centre of the system, but he did not abandon circular motion. So he had to retain parts of the epicyclic apparatus. The revolution was first completely effected by Kepler, but even he conducted his early researches as a semi-believer, a kind of very Broad Churchman. He made nineteen successive attempts to explain the motions of Mars by arrangements of eccentric and epicyclic motions, and only then did he frankly throw the great principle of circular motion overboard, and state that the actual paths of the planets were ellipses. And so, in a few years, a great immutable principle, a whole system of beliefs, the industry and thought of generations went for nothing, and now exist merely as an occasional cold reference in a treatise on Astronomy to the Ptolemaic system as a "monument of misplaced ingenuity." S.

A LICENCE, under Section 20 of the Companies' (Consolidation) Act, 1908, has been issued by the Board of Trade to the Scottish Shale Oil Scientific and Industrial Research Association, which has been approved by the Department as complying with the conditions laid down in the Government scheme for the encouragement of industrial research. The Association may be approached through Mr. W. Fraser, C.B.E., 135, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—March 25.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: "Note on the Central Differential Equation in the Relativity Theory of Gravitation," by Professor A. R. Forsyth (in this note Professor Forsyth obtained an exact solution, in terms of elliptic functions, of Einstein's critical equation).—"The Frequency of Earthquakes in Italy in the Years 1896 to 1914," by R. D. Oldham.—"A New Apparatus for drawing Conic Curves," by A. F. Dufton.—"An Experimental Determination of the Distribution of the Partial Correlation Coefficient in Samples of 30," by Capt. J. W. Bispham.

GEOLOGICAL.—March 24.—Mr. R. D. Oldham, President, in the chair.

Mr. Brinley Clifford George and Mr. F. W. White were elected Fellows.

The President, in announcing the death of Mr. Charles Lapworth, said: "He has added to our knowledge a wealth of observation and a number of those vitalizing concepts on which the life and progress of science depend, and has added lustre to our science and Society, not in this country alone, but in every land where geology is cultivated. Your Council has already put on record its appreciation of the services which our late Fellow has rendered, and sympathy with his family in their bereavement; but, considering that the Society at large would desire an opportunity of associating itself with these sentiments, I will ask your concurrence." The communication was unanimously approved.

The President announced that the Council had awarded the proceeds of the Daniel-Pidgeon Fund available in the present year to Miss Marjorie E. J. Chandler, who proposes to investigate the Oligocene flora of the Hordle Cliffs, Hampshire; and to Mr. Laurence Dudley Stamp, who proposes to make a comparative study of the Downtonian and Gedinnian in North-Western Europe.

Two communications by Mrs. Eleanor M. Reid were read: "On Two Preglacial Floras from Castle Eden (County Durham)," and "A Comparative Review of Pliocene Floras, based on the Study of Fossil Seeds." Professor A. C. Seward, Professor James Small, Mr. M. M. Allorge, Dr. C. W. Andrews and Sir Henry Howorth discussed the papers.

Portions of an atlas vertebra of a big elephant, probably near *Elephas meridionalis*, from the Pliocene of county Durham, were exhibited on behalf of Dr. C. T. Trechmann; and lantern-slides of fossil seeds, etc., were exhibited by Mrs. E. M. Reid in illustration of her papers.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 12.—Mr. J. H. Balfour Browne, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Chairman reported the death of Mr. C. E. Groves, and a resolution of condolence with the relatives was passed.—Mr. F. W. Bain, Dr. C. J. S. Hancock, Sir Leigh Hoskyns, Mrs. Bayford Owen, Dr. C. Sampson, Mr. F. C. M. Welles and Miss Z. M. Woodhull were elected Members.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 23. Egypt Exploration (Lecture Room of the Royal Society, Burlington House), 8.30.—"Recreation in Ancient Egypt," Professor T. E. Peet.
 Royal Institution, 9.—"Shakespeare's Shylock and Scott's Isaac of York," Sir Israel Gollancz.
 Sat. 24. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Thermionic Vacuum Tube," Lecture II., Dr. W. H. Eccles.
 Mon. 26. Aristotelian, 8.—"The Development of Buddhist Metaphysics in China and Japan," Dr. W. Montgomery McGovern.
 Society of Arts, 8.—"Aluminium and its Alloys," Lecture III., Dr. W. Rosenhain. (Cantor Lecture).
 Tues. 27. Royal Institution, 3.—"British Ethnology: the Invaders of England," Lecture I., Professor A. Keith.
 Zoological, 5.30.—"Contributions to a Study of the Dragonfly Fauna of Borneo: Part IV. A List of the Species known to occur in the Island," Mr. F. F. Laidlaw; "On some New Therocephalian Reptiles from the Karroo Beds of South Africa," Dr. R. Broom.
 Wed. 28. Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Ancient Stained Glass," Brigadier-General C. H. Sherrill.
 Thurs. 29. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Origins of the Dwellers in Mesopotamia," Mr. R. Campbell Thompson.
 Royal, 4.30.—"The Irish Eskers," Professor J. W. Gregory; "The Life-History and Cytology of *Synchytrium endobioticum* (Schilb.) Perc., the Cause of Wart Disease in Potato," Miss K. M. Curtis; "On the Structure and Affinities of *Acmopyle Pancheri*, Pilger," B. Sahni.
 Child-Study (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), 6.—"Biting Insects and Children," Dr. A. E. Shipley.
 Fri. 30. King's College, 4.—"Christian Art: Justinian and the Byzantine Era," Lecture I., Professor P. Dearnier.
 University College, 5.30.—"Greek Science," Professor J. A. Platt.

Fine Arts

THE TWO CUBISMS

THE thirty-first exhibition of the Indépendants resembled none of its predecessors in its outward aspect. Those who were too much attracted by the picturesqueness with which the works were presented accuse the Grand Palais of supplying a too sumptuous and frigid setting to this exhibition, whose tranquillity deceived them. They attributed to the architectural framework an effect which is the result only of the cohesion of the efforts of young artists, who for the first time for many years have given up their extreme tumultuousness, and, weary of marking time in mere decoration, are slowly advancing towards a goal, if not identical, at least parallel with that of the new classicism.

Two things were characteristic of this Salon, things equally significant and of capital importance. The first is that which causes the greatest disillusion to those who previously were accustomed to look at the Indépendants for emotions whose force was derived from scandal. There was no "revelation," no genius came like a thunderbolt to set fire to the walls, no spontaneous birth, no lightning; the epoch of prodigies is over, our most recent experience having proved that they have no survival value. We see in this the sign that the time for outbidding each other is past, and that, even at the cost of a provisional effacement of their personality, the painter and the sculptor accept the apparent levelling which will be the result of their less and less astonishing researches. They are seriously harnessing themselves to their task. The public on its part, interested for different reasons (of which the principal is that capital is involved) to know how to distinguish the good from the bad, authentic art from fake, has started work in the same way and commenced to pierce the mystery of techniques. It will become more and more impossible to impose on it by false masterpieces and astonish it by deliberate "revelations." Soon perhaps the play will be open on both sides, and what the contest loses in brilliancy it will doubtless gain in depth. If the expression which occurs to me to define the present tendency did not appear rather too slight, I would say that we ought to substitute a single "ism" for the many which have hitherto been promulgated and which characterized only various infirmities. The new one would be "equilibrium."

What did the innovators of every kind—I accept my part in the responsibility—except cheat in the divine game of plastic exercise? I can find nothing better to express the artist's attitude than to compare him to a man walking a tight-rope, with his eyes fixed on a goal which is alternately illuminated and darkened by his instinct and his intelligence. On each side of the rope is danger: on the left the treacherous country of immediacy, the domain of nature, in the degraded sense in which it is understood by the realists, towards which his senses draw him; on the right the illimitable space of pure speculation, towards which his reason inclines. Refusing the difficult and insufficiently original work of maintaining equilibrium, many artists, lately anxious to demonstrate their false agility, have only taken the plunge to the right or to the left. It was then that the public at the sensational private views applauded, if there were some grace or some force about the fall. The failure was immediately baptized as a new "ism." General opinion seems now to have concluded that these amusements lead nowhere, not even to lasting pleasure, and that even a game implies rules. The rule here is to keep one's balance. Still, to desire to discover a definitive formula too soon would be to confuse death with stability, and not to understand that the intoxication one experiences in constructing a

work of art has after all some resemblance to a departure for distant adventures. We do not desire to apply a single method to solve the problems our imagination puts before us. (But I reserve the development of this idea for the moment when I come to speak of personality.)

The second event is the admission, by almost unanimous consent, of Cubism, to the rank of honest formulæ. The majority of the critics have finally pronounced the *Dignus est intrare*, to the great astonishment of the Cubists themselves. It is a sign of the times: we are certainly looking for a spiritual discipline, and I think I may add that the general artistic taste is becoming more sensitive. What is the cause of this success? Certainly that the public, now become more serious, prefers to sudden "revelations," "affirmations" and "confirmations" of talent. A sudden leap has only a feeble interest now; a balanced movement of which the predominant inclination may be either sentimental or spiritual, marked by the conscious adjustment of the rope-walker of whom I have spoken, is become (at least I hope so) the most attractive thing for the connoisseur.

The Cubist works, against the will of their authors, who wished to appear together, were placed in three separate rooms. The impression was weakened, but was perhaps more intelligible. Grouped by their affinities, the artists show clearly the differences which divide them, and thus express the vitality of their manifold ideal. There are four nuances of Cubism: two absolutely opposite currents lead, by the opposed roads of painters and sculptors, towards two goals, which are united only by their antagonism.

I do not wish to be suspected of exalting one of these groups at the expense of the other. There is plenty of talent in both camps, and talent alone will decide the final selection. I simply desire to define as precisely as I can the attitude of those whom I call, for my purposes only, Cubists *a priori* or pure Cubists, and the Cubists *a posteriori* or emotional Cubists. To say that I reckon myself in this second group is not, in my view, to claim any supremacy for it, but rather to confess a weakness, which is capable, however, of becoming a virtue.

In my article "A First Visit to the Louvre,"* having more urgent business in hand, I did no more than indicate the difference (in my opinion radical and incurable) which separates French artists from foreign artists, Italians in particular. These latter, I wrote, paint Gods directly; our best painters paint men and achieve Gods. We find in Cubism, a European art born in France, a very definite trace of this profound distinction, which marks the two races of artists who divide the universe between them. "It was not on earth that I looked for this type," said Leonardo, speaking of a head of Jesus that he had drawn. And Michael Angelo: "It is foolhardy, it is absurd to pretend to obtain from one's senses a type of beauty which moves and uplifts to the heavens every healthy understanding." These are words which throw an admirable illumination on the methods of work of these masters. Endeavouring to express the divine or the universal, they construct the whole of their ideal, they begin by generalizing, they set both feet in the Eternal. The great Italians of the Renaissance are idealists and ideologues (or rather ideists, as Remy de Gourmont said). For them a picture is above all a speculation of the spirit, a temple where God alone reigns and where man finds refuge in the last resort. The pure Cubist painters, Braque, Juan Gris, Maria Blanchard, Metzinger, Marcoussis, Severini, Hayden, and the sculptors Lipchitz and Laurens, all conceive their work as a world wherein nothing quotidian can be admitted at the outset. Metzinger loves to speak of *l'effusion pure*. This phrase perfectly describes the effort

of the artist for whom the work is essentially only a medium into which spiritual elements alone enter. The inspiration does not belong to the sentimental order, but only to the plastic; it suggests a combination of differently coloured forms whose dimensions, position and tone are obtained by the exercise of a rigorous procedure. The picture is finished as soon as the purely abstract surfaces dividing it are organized; the rest of the work only consists in choosing among a small repertory of acquired forms those whose geometrical absolute coincides with each of the compartments of the picture. A plate justifies the circle, and the box a rectangle. Plainly, "it is not on the earth" that the pure Cubists look for their types. The universal is their familiar domain; the utilization of the particular is only a concession, never a motive with them. Having to represent the objects which constitute a still-life, they paint the glass, the dessert plate, the grapes, the apple, "in general." They conceive the object stripped of all contingency, recreated, uncontaminated by all terrestrial adventure. They make an inventory of the qualities of each thing, and make a minute and subtle enumeration of them on the canvas. They proceed by knowledge, like the academic painters in the noble sense. As Michael Angelo knew his muscles by heart, they know by heart their guitar, their pipe, their fruits; to represent them they do not need to have them before their eyes. Their memory is an arsenal of dissociated forms, all ready to be organized to the learned laws of Cubist composition.

Everything, even to the clear light that bathes their canvas, expresses their disdain for appearances. It is not to the warm yet abstract Venetian light that I would compare that of the Cubists. Is it because many of them are Spaniards that it seems to me that the lighting of their works is the same which gives an aureole of mystery and the absolute to the heroes of Greco or Zurbaran? To define the Cubists of the first category in a brief formula, one may say that being in possession of traditional laws of painting, they formulate and enunciate them, taking the objects as their example only in the last resort; they project their plastic dreams on to the object as on to a screen.

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

(To be concluded.)

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

BROMHEAD, CUTTS & Co.—Memorial Exhibition of Works by Walter Crane.

WALKER'S GALLERIES.—Painting and Sculpture by the "Seven and Five."

BURLINGTON GALLERY.—The Society of Australian Artists.

FINE ART SOCIETY.—Decorative Pictures and Landscapes by William G. Robb.—Waters of the Sussex Downs, by Ruth Dollman.

REMBRANDT GALLERY.—Bird and Animal Life, by George E. Lodge.

TWENTY-ONE GALLERY.—Sculpture and Carving in Wood and Stone by Alec Miller.

WALTER CRANE was a very considerable celebrity in his day. He figured among the Victorian demigods who are perpetuated in the portraits of Watts, and he takes his place historically as the last and least of the Victorian Pre-Raphaelites. His reputation, which once burned with a steady flame, had sunk to a feeble flicker before his death in 1915, and we fear that the memorial exhibition of his easel pictures will do little to revive the half-cold embers. For the futility of these paintings and water-colours must be patent to the most sympathetic visitor. The majority are, it is true, *parerga* done for amusement or as notes to be utilized later; but it is precisely in such sketches and studies that an artist reveals himself most completely. When, as here, they furnish no evidence of mental force, or sensibility or power of execution, it must be assumed that the major works are also lacking in these fundamental qualities. And indeed Crane's main work, his books and decorations and craft designs, strike us to-day as intolerably trivial, mere

* See ATHENÆUM, August 22, 1919.

echoes of the Morris-Burne-Jones formulæ, listless, anæmic and absurd. It is most unfortunate that the reaction against the coarse machine-made products of the Victorian workshops should have been led by Morris and Crane, who substituted "artiness" for art, degraded the Arts and Crafts movement into periodic exhibitions of pale jewellery and needlework by lady amateurs, and made the whole reaction ridiculous in the eyes of the public. As an influence on craft Crane was enervating; as an artist the Cork Street exhibition proves him to have been negligible. He achieved momentary fame, but when the last man who cherishes memories of his charming and lovable personality shall have joined him in the grave, nothing will remain of a life of enthusiastic labour but a few meretricious *éditions de luxe* and some amethysts set in silver.

The artists who compose the Seven and Five Group appear to be hesitating between popular illustration, Georgian Pre-Raphaelitism and the Post-Cézanne developments of modern painting. As they are all under thirty, this cautious reluctance to plunge into a watertight compartment indicates a measure of good sense—a valuable quality, but unfortunately not sufficient in itself to ensure fine art, which is essentially the expression of convictions. The really promising young artist has passionate faith in his own vision of the abstract and the concrete world, and he searches the galleries—not for inspiration, but in the hope of finding confirmation of his instinctive creed. The creative artist cannot afford to be eclectic in his taste. He must leave sweet reasonableness and toleration to the critics, reserving to himself the privilege of fanaticism. The first creed mildly favoured by the Seven and Five Group is best represented by Mr. J. D. Revel's clever sketches of Eastern types; the second by the delicate drawings of Mr. C. U. Gill, a proficient draughtsman whose picture for the Imperial War Museum was the fruit of his sojourn in Italy as a Prix de Rome student; the third by Mr. H. E. Gooding's "Judgment of Paris" and Mr. W. H. Wildman's study of farm buildings, the two most convinced paintings in this rather characterless collection.

Mr. G. W. Lambert is the outstanding figure in the Society of Australian Artists. When Mr. Lambert abandoned illustration for the brush some years ago he had no difficulty in deciding how he wished to paint. He plumped for Velasquez without reserve, and as a result of this singleness of purpose he acquired a technique, which, though not the technique of his heart's desire, can nevertheless claim the title of real painting in an age which abounds in fake. But though Mr. Lambert was clear about how he wished to paint, he was evidently very hazy about what he wished to do with the method when he had acquired it. Year after year we have seen him wasting his dexterity in banal pictures, or pictures which he only rescues from banality by capricious juxtaposition of incongruities in the subject-matter. His pictures in this collection are characteristic. They are not interesting, but they are well painted, and they have an air of professional proficiency which might be emulated with advantage by the other exhibitors.

Mr. William G. Robb has tried to graft Conder on to Corot and evolve a new species of decorative landscape. We do not like the result.

Mr. Alec Miller is a sculptor who responds to modern theories to the extent of cutting direct into stone and wood—but no further. He is clearly not interested in the attempts to regenerate sculpture by the study of abstract form. He is entirely concerned with the fashioning of pretty little figures and portraits that are apparently intended to look as much like clay models as possible, which makes one wonder why he does not choose the easier path and model like the rest of his contemporaries who accept the standards of Burlington House.

In Room XX. is hung a Landscape by Cornelis Vroom, signed 1626. This artist (b. circa 1600, d. 1661) is of the generation before J. van Ruisdael. This important picture has been generously presented by Mr. Robert C. Witt through the National Art-Collections Fund. R. H. W.

ANOTHER fragment of the altarpiece of S. Croce, two Apostles by Ugolino da Siena, is now hung in the Vestibule of the National Gallery. It has been generously presented through the National Art-Collections Fund by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

THE FUNCTION OF THE CAMERA.

THE FINE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By Paul L. Anderson. (Lippincott. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE professional photographer and the amateur with ambitions in the field of so-called "pictorial" photography will derive much encouragement from Mr. Anderson's entertaining book, which explains a number of methods of teaching the camera to avoid the truth in the interests of "art." Mr. Anderson holds that it is the photographer's business to express the soul that lies behind the material aspect of things, and that this can be achieved by judiciously faking the outlines and values on photographic negatives. He believes in composition, manipulation, imagination—in anything and everything, it appears, except the camera. To judge by the examples of his work which illustrate the book, he has a horror of the sharp vision of the camera; his æsthetic sense is not appeased until he has transformed it into the sentimental approximate vision of the third-rate painter. This dissatisfaction with the camera strikes us as extraordinary. Here is a man who holds in his hand an instrument of perfect scientific precision and who refuses to allow it to be precise. It is as though a driver of a Rolls-Royce car were to force the engine to run in jerks and bumps in order to secure the illusion that the motive power was an ill-trained horse. At its present pitch of development the camera can give us absolutely accurate black-and-white records of things both still and in motion. Properly exploited this power can be of immeasurable profit and pleasure to man; and its exploitation is the function of the photographer. Artists have been the first to accept and welcome the camera; the more intelligent among them have set about revising their standards in relation to its presence in our life. They must look with amazement at the spectacle of a photographer who deliberately impairs the efficiency of his machine and tampers with the admirable accuracy of its records. For, like ourselves, they demand nothing more than accuracy from the camera and refuse to accept anything less.

R. H. W.

AN IMPORTANT SALE

SAMMLUNG PAUL DAVIDSON: VERSTEIGERUNGSKATALOG. (Leipzig, C. G. Boerner. 30 M.; ohne Tafeln, 10 M.)

THE Paul Davidson collection of engravings, woodcuts and etchings is about to be dispersed by auction in Leipzig. This magnificent collection, begun by Mr. Davidson in London about 1870, and continued subsequently in Vienna and Berlin, now numbers some 10,000 prints. All the great masters from the fifteenth to the first half of the eighteenth century are represented, in many cases by rare prints, and as a general rule, we understand, by very fine impressions. The first part of the sale, comprising prints by artists with initials A to F (2,200 lots), will be held from the 3rd to the 8th of May. From the auctioneer, Herr C. G. Boerner, of Leipzig, we have received the admirably printed and generously illustrated catalogue of this section, which constitutes in itself a valuable book of reference. A glance at the pages is sufficient to indicate the high quality of the prints. In addition to the practically complete sets of Dürer plates and blocks, collectors will be able to compete for works by Aldegrever, Altdorfer and the Behams, Cranach, Callot, Giulio Campagnola, Van Dyck and Edelinck, to take names at random from a list rich in masterpieces, which honours all ranks and all schools. The second section of the sale (to be held in the autumn) contains almost complete sets of Hollar, Nanteuil and Van Ostade; and interest in the final section (timed for the spring of next year) will centre in the Rembrandt series.

It is sad to think that this almost unique collection, brought together with so much patience and enthusiasm, and epitomizing the art of three hundred and fifty years, is to be scattered once more across the earth. We hunger for a magic ring which could transport it intact to some accessible Gallery. Dare we hope that some public benefactor will come to the rescue and take this opportunity of making good the gaps in our national collections? No one would grudge him a place in the Honours list after such a service, or deny his claim to national gratitude.

Music

"THE TEMPEST"

THE Surrey opera season comes to an end this week. It was a courageous venture and it has amply justified itself. The Miln-Fairbairn company have made their own audience and they have thoroughly deserved their popularity. Beginning with a modest repertory of old-fashioned favourites, they have gradually added to it operas which have attracted audiences to whom the south side of the river was none too familiar. More than that, they have given us two new operas by English composers. Their first season will be memorable for its latest achievement, the production of "The Tempest."

The play of Shakespeare which Mr. Nicholas Gatty has set to music may be regarded in itself as one of the historical foundation-stones of English opera. It is almost an opera as it stands. More than any other play, it embodies that Shakespearian attitude towards the dramatic function of music which Mr. Percy Scholes very thoughtfully analysed not long ago. When the Restoration reopened the theatres and added to the public stage those devices which in former times had been the exclusive property of the Court masques, it was "The Tempest" which pointed the way to English opera as conceived by Dryden and Purcell. From a literary standpoint it may be difficult to defend the additions and alterations made to Shakespeare's text by D'Avenant, Shadwell and Dryden; but to the historian of opera these atrocities were a necessary stage in the development of our musical drama. It is Purcell, at any rate, whose settings of the two well-known songs have become traditionally inseparable from the verse of Shakespeare. The principle of Shakespeare, which his seventeenth-century mutilators only amplified, was that music, apart from the grotesque songs of the drunken clowns, was the attribute of supernatural characters. It is because he sings and pipes that Ariel is Ariel.

In converting the play into a modern opera a composer might easily run the risk of destroying all that fantastic sense of the immaterial which gives it its peculiar beauty. When all the characters have to sing the whole time how is Ariel to be lifted on to a more ethereal plane? Mr. Gatty solves the problem with a very imaginative simplicity. As if he would have us hold that song is older than speech, he makes his mortals sing Wagner and his spirits Purcell. The reader must not take this statement literally. Mr. Gatty has learned much from Wagner, as any musician of his generation did, and has learned much from Purcell too. But he has evolved in all his compositions a style of his own. It is not what is generally called a modern style, but it handles old material in a new and quite individual way. He is austere ascetic in his determination to use the fewest possible notes, the plainest possible chords; but this asceticism by no means precludes either gaiety or passion, and at certain moments, both in "The Tempest" and in some earlier works of his, he attains by this very means a strangely rarefied and spiritual atmosphere of poetry, aspiration and romance. And this is the essential atmosphere of Shakespeare's play.

To see Shakespeare acted in a foreign language is an interesting test of what qualities in him make the deepest appeal to us. "The Taming of the Shrew" seemed to me to go better in Italian than in English. "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet," staged in German with all possible care, left me convinced that Shakespeare could exist in no language but his own. Mendelssohn barely rescued "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Yet "The Tempest," in the crudest of modern German settings, unfamiliar in language, unfamiliar, too, in the musical setting of Humperdinck—a setting which, though always sensitive and poetical, is inconceivable with the English

text—seemed to belong to a sphere where words, German or English, were things of no moment. It is not a story which the poet has taken from a prose original and versified. It is in itself poetry; and the actual words are poetry because they are the fewest, the simplest, and the most direct.

Hence it did not seem to matter much what alterations Mr. Reginald Gatty had made in the text to compress it into a libretto for his brother. He has reduced the play to three acts set in a single scene. The only occasions when the situation seemed at all awkward were when the ship appeared, and these difficulties might probably be adjusted by a little more careful designing on the part of the stage producer. It is perhaps the greatest tribute that one can pay to Mr. Nicholas Gatty's music to say that it triumphed even over the Surrey's costumes and scenery. Full of fantasy and romance in the best sense, it is never realistic, and for that reason realistic scenery brings no advantage to it. Mr. Gatty's storms and apparitions are as remote from pictorialism as Purcell's. He has an extraordinary way of transporting the listener into the land of magic and fantasy with the simplest devices. With a few reiterations of a common chord he brings in the spirits with the banquet, the masque of Juno—one of the most ravishingly beautiful moments of the whole opera; and a few shakes and arpeggios on the flute suffice him to portray Ariel. For the part of Ariel he was fortunate in having Miss Gladys Moger. Both as a singer and as an actress she had formed a real conception of the character, and the intelligence and certainty which she showed in every phrase and every movement made Ariel the dominant figure of the opera throughout. It was just this lack of certainty which prevented Mr. Andrew Shanks from doing full justice to the difficult part of Prospero, in spite of a fine voice and a great dignity of manner. Another hard part to act is that of Ferdinand, but Mr. Lyon Mackie's delightfully natural and unaffected grace made his first entry immediately successful. The simplicity and ease of his singing gave great charm to the love scenes, and Miss Ida Cooper was a very attractive Miranda. The villains and comedians were less effective. Mr. Gatty has given them music to sing which at first sight tempts them naturally to a Wagnerian manner. It is a pretty safe rule for interpreters of music not to seize upon and emphasize such resemblance to an earlier composer as they may discover, but rather to look carefully in such moments for the less obvious points of difference. The whole company would interpret Mr. Gatty's opera the better if they would put themselves to the trouble of reading Shakespeare's play aloud in the intervals of rehearsing.

"The Tempest" has been very appropriately chosen to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday on April 23. It is a very notable addition to the list of English operas, and there is no opera which it would give greater pleasure to see revived at the next Surrey season.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE second number of *Music and Letters*, 3s. 6d. net, published by Messrs. Barnicott & Pearce, of Taunton, whose London headquarters are at 18, Berners Street, W.1) is decidedly an advance on its predecessor. The editor contributes an article on Dr. Vaughan Williams and his work, and Dr. Williams himself is the author of a timely protest against the doctrine (held by certain eminent academicians) that reading a full score is the same thing as hearing it played. Mme. Suggia discourses on the violoncello; and amongst the other contributors are Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Warde Fowler, and Mr. J. B. Trend. The reviewing is well done, so are the letters—of which the London one is the best, although for some reason operatic matters are left undiscussed. Sir Edward Elgar's tribute to Parry is not the least notable thing in the number, though the shortest.

THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL

GLASTONBURY, after starting out to be the birth-place of a new music-drama on a basis of English legend, has now given itself up whole-heartedly to the English music of the past. Last year Mr. Boughton revived "Cupid and Death"; this Easter he has put on his stage Blow's "Venus and Adonis." It was well worth the long journey to see this curious and charming little opera, for opera it is, although generally described as a masque. Mr. Boughton did well to choose his other programmes so as to form a sort of frame for it. There was a performance of "Everyman," and a concert of Purcell; other days were devoted to old English dances under the direction of Miss Nellie Chaplin. If we accept Mr. Barclay Squire's ascription of "Dido and Æneas" to 1689 or thereabouts—an ascription which there are no valid grounds for contesting—Blow's opera, composed a few years earlier, must obviously have been the model for Purcell's. Like "Dido and Æneas," it is a little drama in three acts, set to continuous music. "Cupid and Death" still retains the original constructive principle of the Jacobean masques, though considerably modified to suit the conditions of its day. "Venus and Adonis" is genuinely operatic, although it must be admitted that very little happens in the way of drama. The first act shows Adonis at the feet of Venus, who appears to have become slightly bored with his adoration, and sends him out hunting, much against his will. The second act is entirely taken up with domesticities. Venus, like a good mother, sees to it that Cupid and his little brothers have learned their lessons properly, after which she proceeds to an elaborate toilet assisted by the Graces. In the third act she is warned of approaching tragedy by a mourning Cupid, and Adonis enters mortally wounded.

The whole opera, as given at Glastonbury, lasted a little over an hour; but so poignant is Blow's expression of the passions and emotions which it illustrates that one could hardly have borne to listen to any more music afterwards. Blow was severely criticized by Burney for his crudities of style. But Burney came at the moment when the music of Purcell was to him "antediluvian"; for Burney was always anxious to be the up-to-date man of the world in the musical life of his day. It is easier for us to think ourselves back into the seventeenth century, and we can forgive Blow his awkwardness of technique and comparative lack of charm in consideration of his emotional intensity. He had something of the genius of Monteverdi for making voices express the most passionate feelings in a few notes supported by the simplest harmonies from the harpsichord. Purcell is sometimes almost too accomplished, too elaborate in his musical technique. Blow is of the temperament of Gluck, Moussorgsky and Boito. For us his antiquity is all to his advantage; it gives us a sense of formality and convention that prevents his crudities from sounding too ungainly. Purcell seems now to have become a familiar composer, and against the mental background of the Purcellian style there stand out vividly such things as the entrance of the hunters, where the violins represent the baying of the hounds with almost the same devices that Weber and Wagner employed in "Freischütz" and "Walküre"; the terrifying hysterical laugh of Venus when she suddenly gives way to her inner feelings before Cupid in Act II.; and the agonizing cries into which she breaks after Adonis has died in her arms. Such moments as these are still vital to modern ears, and the most modern of young English composers might well study with advantage, and with still more advantage listen to an actual performance of, "Venus and Adonis."

The Glastonbury company has received a very notable addition since last summer in Miss Laura Wilson, formerly

of the Russian Ballet. It was due largely to her excellent training that "Venus and Adonis" was put on the stage—and on the most painfully cramped stage—with a clear-cut sense of design. She has effected a striking improvement in the department of the whole company, and one of her pupils, Mr. Robin Ford, executed a solo dance with remarkable agility and elegance. The parts of Venus and Adonis were taken by Miss Gladys Moger and Mr. Clive Carey, both of whom thoroughly understand the singing of old English music. The accompaniments were arranged for harpsichord, viol d'amore and viola-gamba by Miss Chaplin, and sounded fairly adequate in the small room; but it is to be hoped that a full band of strings will be available when Mr. Boughton brings his company to the "Old Vic" in the first week of June.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

IN point of general interest the Saturday Symphony Concerts this season have stood comparison with any others that have been given, although the London Symphony and the Philharmonic have also shown an unusual degree of enterprise. On April 17 we heard a new Suite by Roger-Ducasse, Chausson's B flat Symphony, and Glazounov's A minor Concerto. The suite is an attractive piece of miniature painting, in which for once in a way Ducasse does not allow his melodic invention to be paralysed by harmonic sophistication; it does not aim to do more than please, but it does that very gracefully, although the composer has a tiresome habit of breaking off suddenly in what appears to be the middle of a passage and starting afresh, as if he had been at a loss to find the proper continuation. Neither in the symphony nor the concerto do their respective composers appear at their best. The symphony is immature, and although it contains no such direct reminiscence of Franck as the Poème for violin (played by Miss Margaret Fairless earlier in the week), it is a less vital and really a less individual piece of work. The concerto has a gay and showy finale, but the rest of it is lamentably dull. Even the composer's remarkable sense of colour seems for once to have forsaken him; the scoring is as dry as a Bath Oliver biscuit. M. Melsa is an artistic player, but this concerto does not suit him; the finale calls for more power of tone and greater brilliance of style than he at present commands.

One cannot review this concert without saying that Calvé made another appearance, and completely routed the critics who have been complaining that she has no voice and does not know how to sing. Her tone (with something of the reediness of the oboe in it) was admirable, and her rendering of arias by Bach and Franck showed that, for all her dramatic power, she is artist enough to discard histrionic devices when there is no occasion for them. The fervour and simplicity of her style in these songs left a vivid impression on at least one member of the audience.

SOME new pianoforte pieces by Josef Suk were played by Miss Fanny Davies at the Wigmore Hall on April 13. The first bore the sub-title "Joie de Vivre," but to anyone who had heard the spirited performance of Beethoven's E flat Trio, which preceded it, there could be no doubt that the "joie de vivre" was supplied by Miss Fanny Davies herself. The other pieces were of an elegiac character, loose and rambling in construction, but with touches of real tenderness and poetry. They could not have found a more delicately sympathetic interpreter. In Brahms' Trio in C major Miss Davies was joined by Miss Marjorie Hayward and Mr. Arthur Williams. Every moment of her playing was a delight, and it was pleasant to note that no one appreciated it more keenly than the almost equally distinguished pianist who paid her the charming homage of turning over for her.

MISS DORIS FELL, who made her first appearance in London the same day, is one of the many young pianists whose playing shows no outstanding qualities, but is always refined and agreeable. She hardly seemed to grasp the significance of Chopin's B minor Sonata, and was more at home in Weber's Duo for clarinet and pianoforte, which she played with Mr. Francis Gomez. But it is one of those second-rate classics which are not worth resurrecting nowadays.

Drama

VULGUS PROFANUM

PHOENIX SOCIETY (LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH).—Heywood's "Fair Maid of the VVest; or, A Girle Worth Gold."

GLOBE THEATRE.—"Birds of a Feather." By H. V. Esmond.

THE "prayers of past tyme" had ample cause for lamentation at the Phoenix Society's performance, where full evidence was produced that English taste has not decayed. "The Fair Maid of the West" has in it no single line of merit, there is no metric triumph above those common to any modern penny-a-liner, the plot would shame the brothers Melville, and no actor of current melodrama but would jib at its lack of sophistication. One endures five acts saved only by the potboy, by a few broad phrases, by a "Go buy me concubines" bellowed by the blackamoor prince, by a few obscenities which would not be funny if uttered, as they daily are, among a crowd of undergraduates, and which assume but a doubtful importance even when uttered in the presence of one clergyman and one member of the British Academic Committee. Masterpieces are not produced by the gross; it is a fallacy to imagine that this occurred in the seventeenth century, or that it will occur in our own.

More honour, of course, to Shakespeare for having ventured to put poetry into "Hamlet," for having compounded "Lear" and "The Tempest," when the popular taste was set toward "A Girle Worth Gold." This play is puerile melodrama of the crudest, and nothing but faddism can pretend the contrary; it is instructive, archæologically, to see what the spacious days liked; it is well that one popular play of the period should be seen *once*; for "one must know a certain amount of the bad literature of any time or country before one can rightly appraise the good."

The Fair Maid's part might carry better if done by a boy; some of the male actors were possible, but there seems no reason even for an archæological society to adopt a stage convention for emotional speech, and for Mullishag to entune through his narrowed nostrils such verbs as "bee-yuee-tee-fi-hiih." It is conceivable that plays of this type, if acted by the "Little Eyases"* in a spirit of burlesque, in the general tone of Jack Yeats' pirate pictures, might have amused an audience of fond parents, but as dramatic art this play is null.

There is, however, one point of psychological archæology which may detain us. The month's theatres provide us with a series of "conversion plays"; in 1920 the theatric mind is running on avarice. In Mr. Esmond's play we have a conversion; and in "Uncle Ned" we have a conversion. These modern conversions turn on sentiment. In Ruffman's we find this difference: Ruffman is a swaggering, bullying coward on principle; he is, in a loose way, a Machiavellian coward, according to plan. When his system breaks down he "cuts a loss" instantly; his personal *moral* shifts its ground as rapidly as a modern business man's system would be shifted in face of a new condition. I am inclined to think that this apparently crude metamorphosis in Heywood's play is probably true to the type of his time; is probably a better invention than it looks, and is probably better, very considerably better, than the samples of conversion offered in current productions. Ruffman is a creature of intellect, and he is quite as much himself in his attack on the three sailors as in his cowardice in the field.

Heywood's play gives also another ground for interminable research; I mean the Elizabethan concern with chastity

and the "proving of women." There is Griselda, and there are a score of stories in Boccaccio and Renaissance writers. The time had had a new spur toward this problem, but one must presuppose a long past of bald Christian metaphors about souls being tried by fire, and of unanalysed sex contests, and possibly pagan trials of initiation into secret mysteries, to account for these spyings and prying and plottings and temptings of the steadfast wife or mistress. (There is also the curious evidence in the Musée de Cluny.) The subject is without end, and one only indicates it as the material for two score of doctors' theses. If the spirit of these testings is not unmodern, it has at any rate been relegated to the lower types of humanity.

Mr. Esmond's play is amorphous, crudely joined and without impact or incision. Miss Marie Löhr as even a semi-Semite is racially unconvincing; if Rowena must play this part she should make up to it, not shedding her pallid beauty unavailingly. Mr. Esmond acts well. Yet the points of the play are not made. Herringham's success in breaking his word fits the general design; he, by this, darkens his plumage sufficiently to enter the house of Ussher, and adds his slight weight to the author's theory of "the influence of environment," but only a critic faced by the necessity of writing an article is likely to notice this facet of the design. And where have I heard those words: "What you feel for me is not *lov*, it is . . ."? The blank half of this line can be filled in at the reader's pleasure; there are several variants now working on the London stage, but they all tend in the same direction. It is "not love," it is some concupiscence of lower order and less worthy of the higher pantheism of our era.

Mr. Shaw would have had at least the grace to permit his hero to analyse his own feelings, and to tell the darling of his reveries that what he felt for her was the mere desire for a concubine or a housekeeper or for someone to make out the washing list. This may not be true to the English national character, but it is vastly more amusing for the audience and has the merit of saving the heroine the onerous labours of sermonizing.

"Birds of a Feather" is, as I have indicated, a play against money-lust, but, like its current congeners, it contents itself with an attack by sentiment. Mr. Esmond, like other dramatists, is out to reform millionaires, but like all the rest of his fraternity, he is content with trite texts; he does not want the trouble of thinking about economics or of tackling the problem of wealth. There is in the play no real conflict of ideas; and it is by just that much the weaker. The Greek tragedians were, I think, actually concerned with showing the folly of violent action. The Elizabethan master was searching for, or at any rate staging, the philosophy of his time; Mr. Esmond rather seems to want the paraphernalia of a problem play without coming to grips with the problem. Hamlet looks at his "bare bodkin"; the implement is not wrapped in bumbast or in rhetoric. "If in that sleep . . .!"

If in these twentieth-century plays the dramatists want the cogency of Ibsen, they will have to come closer to problems to which the answer is less easy and far more definite. There are plenty of amiable rich. The kind heart and the coronet are not in permanent and necessary antithesis. An assumption to this effect merely weakens the force of an action.

Miss Ussher is a good caricature, or, if you like, a fairly accurate allegory. From the technical point of view, it seems possible that Mr. Esmond would write better plays if he tried the Abbey Theatre recipe of reducing his characters to the minimum possible number. Grisson and Gorwin are brought into the play, but for a great part of the time they seem to be there simply to stretch the piece over the necessary number of acts and hours.

T. J. V.

* "The boys of Paul's."

GOGOL

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.—Gogol's "The Government Inspector" ("Revizor"). Translated by T. H. Hall.

ACTED as farce and parody, "The Government Inspector" is so enjoyable an evening that one hesitates to question the wisdom or rightness of this procedure. It is, however, difficult to stifle all one's inner inquiries, and not wonder what the play would be like if acted as a scathing realist satire; not, of course, that it would be easy for the actors to behave like real people when garbed in billiard-table green coats, or possible for Mary Grey to act anything. The play is a curious series of soliloquies strung along a short-story plot; the actors soliloquize when alone, they soliloquize when they are supposed to be talking to others on the stage; there is practically no real dialogue, certainly small trace of construction or cogency in the action. The thing holds because of Gogol's wit and the soundness of the general outline.

Naylor Grimson, in the minor part of Ossip, is perhaps more convincing than any of his fellow-actors, though Claude Rains does good work as Klestakoff. Moscovitch is quite a good actor, but the attempt to exalt him into a great figure is merely another example of journalistic humbug. The last century did us ill service by its mania for great figures. The cult ascended from politics into literature, and descended from literary creation to dramatic presentation, breeding a distaste for exact criticism on the way.

The main point in a notice of this length should be that the play is worth seeing; the objections to acting it more closely and seriously are several. It would certainly be very difficult to get through the long soliloquies in any other tempo than the rattle-de-bang, fife-and-drum corps tempo employed; also, as we have no criteria for the manners of provincial Russia in 1830, it may be advisable to present rather broad caricatures. Marya should perhaps be made a little less sympathetic if one is to feel satisfied with her final predicament. Mary Grey remains exactly the same figure that she presented as Portia, and one would do a kindness to the public if one could persuade her that this same character is not ubiquitously suitable for all plays of all species and kinds. It is, however, better as Anna than as Portia.

If Gogol was a rather grim satirist, this production of "Revizor" gives no hint of the fact, and one must admit that the tone of burlesque is maintained, in unity throughout the performance, and that this is perhaps, from several practical stand-points, the most advantageous way of producing the piece and of overcoming our public fear of "those gloomy Russians."

The proof of Gogol's vigour must rest in the fact that the series of almost detached monologues does not fail in interest, and that the play holds one's attention. Perhaps the neatest cut of satire is on the programme: "Place. . . . Any small town in Russia." This is one of several indications that Gogol was being satiric, not merely boisterous.

T. J. V.

"CORIOLANUS" AT THE OLD VIC

THE producers of "Coriolanus" at the Old Vic have taken more than the customary amount of liberty with the Shakespearian text. By working into the stage action the castigation of Junius Brutus and converting it into the murder of both tribunes by the mob, a melodramatic significance was imparted to subsidiary characters, and there was, at the same time, something of the insignificance of melodrama in the portrayal of Coriolanus himself. Mr. Warburton's acting, indeed, lacked subtlety. There was too much of mere petulance in his

manner to make the cleavage with the plebeians inevitable; he gave us class prejudice rather than a colossal and overwhelming naturalism. Marcius, with his attitude to war primarily as a means to get rid of "our musty superfluity," is a perfect example of the military over-lord. The characterization was always thoughtful and serious, but it was no more hopelessly patrician than is the average portrayal of Othello that of a great helpless animal bruised in the wheels of the world. The consequence, of course, was that Mr. Mead and Mr. Fletcher as the people's tribunes were given too large a prominence. Their work was thrilling and sinister, and rounded off in a way suspiciously like teaching Shakespeare how to do it. The strength and dignity of the Volumnia of Miss Genevieve Ward (whose reappearance on the stage made the production memorable) were mostly allowed to run to waste, and our one consolation for it all was that added scope was provided for the company's truly excellent ensemble work. The suggestion of even greater crowds not visible to the audience was in itself a triumph, and the difficult groupings and concerted movements never failed, although in the Old Vic version of "Coriolanus" the mob is not merely required for listening and bustling purposes, but to fall on its unfortunate senators in our full view, belabouring them to death with intelligence and convincingly.

T. M.

PAVLOVA

DRURY LANE. — Ballet.

PAVLOVA, that bright bird of memory and fair flower of recollection, that image of whom no one was privileged to speak who could not compass blank verse, has returned in exquisite whiteness, in a shower of artificial snowflakes and the traditional Degas *décor*. She is well advised to begin her programme with a piece of technical bravura and to make her reappearance with sleights of foot which no inexperienced ballerina could perform. A decade ago it was Pavlova, it was her own delicate and very personal comment of emotion upon the choreographic lines of Fokine which won her the myriad hearts; to-day it is the mastery of her technique, chiefly the stillness of her pose and poise and the surety of her balance, which distinguish her from competitors. And she does well to demonstrate this *maestria* during the first section of the programme.

As a mime she is without merit, and despite the steps in her *pas seul*, "Amarilla" is a dreary effort; it is also a stupid effort to mix two incompatible elements: expressionist dancing and the formal "classic" toe ballet. Volinine is delightfully elastic, but Pavlova's confusion when trying to seek sisterly consolations without giving up the modus of the old-fashioned love dance is distressing. On the whole, the sooner this ballet is scrapped the better for her artistic reputation. The black-gowned "marchioness" who decorates the north corner of the stage is a danseuse of promise.

It, however, bodes ill for the management that, having such great resources at their command, they are so lacking in initiative and so mentally lazy that they do not even attempt to stage a third ballet. They give us a divertissement of scraps. Admitting that the youngest generation wants to see "The Swan," and that the Syrian dance is a decorative abbreviation or shorthand rendering of "Scheherazade," and that Mlle. Butsova is very supple and that Mlle. Brunova has talent, still the inclusion of "divertissements," when there are thirty men in England perfectly capable of designing new and really interesting ballets, is sufficient to dry up most of one's sympathy for the Pavlova-Clustine-Volinine enterprise. They are not so artistically serious as Massine, and if they are not very careful, they will be classed among historic revivals.

T. J. V.

Correspondence

REGARDING EDWARD THOMAS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I am much interested in the first instalment of the article by Mr. Edward Garnett on Edward Thomas in your issue of the 16th. I was to have met Thomas through the agency of a common friend, but the outbreak of war prevented, so to him I cannot make the suggestion I intended to make. I take this opportunity of offering it to his friends.

I have on my shelves a notebook in which I have pasted, during the last fifteen years, many articles by him, articles which were never collected into volume form. I think several of them are too good to be lost in the files of newspapers. Much of his nominal hack-work had nearly all the good qualities of the work that he would not have so called, but had also an ease which, at times, is lacking in his more ambitious work. I think he was one of those who thought so clearly to begin with, and had so clearly the virtue of love of perfection, devotion to the craft of words, that there were occasions on which "let well alone" would have been a good counsel, even better than: "Go over it again." This—but perhaps I need hardly say so—is no oblique plea for the slipshod, or what Stevenson called "the slapdash and the disorderly." To take infinite pains is excellent advice for any writer; to re-read his sentences, and see if he has expressed himself clearly, is the mere duty of every scribe. Too often we gather what a writer means instead of being informed by him. What I mean here, apropos of Edward Thomas, is that in his nominally best work the phrases sometimes stalk, as if self-conscious, while his nominal hack-work often equalled in many ways, and excelled in ease, the acknowledged and collected good things. His remark in one of the very interesting letters to Mr. Garnett, regarding "literary phrases" and phrases that "smell of the lamp" coming easily to him, and that what he had to seek was "the simple and direct phrase," makes me have an open mind on this view, even as I express it. I may be wrong; but such is the effect conveyed to my mind by comparison of the two kinds of work. At any rate, whatever the mental processes behind the work, his ostensible hack-work can't be ignored by anyone who would make a selection of his essays. Some day, perhaps, such a volume might be prepared, and against that day I beg to call the attention of those who may undertake the good task to an article called "From an Old Home" which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* years ago (in which we hear of an "epitaph written by the auctioneer and the Autumn rain"; a very moving and human paper); also to "The First Cuckoo" (which appeared in *T.P.'s Weekly*); also to "How I Began" (published in the same journal); also to "The Colour of Selborne," published in the *Daily Chronicle*. A selection of his review articles, as these have literary qualities and suggestions in them of great interest, should, as well, be given a place in such a volume among The Stray Papers of Edward Thomas.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK NIVEN.

Hayes, Kent,
April 17, 1920.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S "WRITERS OF THREE CENTURIES"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest the correspondence you have printed about this book. I suggest that the author and his publisher are to be thanked for having invented a delightful new parlour game for the literary-minded. But why publish now instead of in the autumn, when the evenings are long and dark, and the game of "Hunt the Author" would stand a better chance of establishing itself? I see a new sort of "book tea" coming into fashion, with prizes for the lucky ones who succeed in spotting the most bites out of Arthur Symons or Dixon Scott within ten minutes.

What glory, too, for the future commentator who runs to earth a quotation that nobody for twenty years has been able to identify! It will be as good fun as editing Charles Lamb.

Yours faithfully,

ALLAN WADE.

April 17, 1920.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I have only just seen the letter of Mr. Barge in your issue of the 9th inst. May I say how grateful I am to him for the trouble he has taken to search for the source of many of the best things in my book? All the trouble has arisen on account of the loss I sustained in transit of the whole of the original MSS. of "Writers of Three Centuries" (and of two other books not yet published) last year; and also of the fact that the printer did not correct all the alterations and mistakes when I returned the proof-sheets. To be perfectly candid, there must be more verbatim quotations not yet acknowledged. In the first place, the articles were put together roughly week by week to interest a few young people in Literature, and I had not the slightest idea that the book would ever be published. Secondly, to search for the source of every fact, quotation (sometimes anonymous) and idea would be—I am sure you will agree—almost beyond the power of anyone, now that I do not possess the slightest note of the original. As all the articles were written at various times and places, I am afraid that I cannot remember all the various books which helped me in the compilation of my volume. I alluded in the preface to my being unable to properly acknowledge all my many obligations: I can only say "Peccavi."

I tender my sincerest apologies to our great critic Mr. Arthur Symons, and to any other writer and publisher whose copyright I have unintentionally infringed; as well as to those critics who have written kindly about my first endeavour in the world of letters.

Yours regretfully,

C. WILLIAMSON.

April 13, 1920.

MYSTICAL POETRY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest your reviewer's comments on my new book of verse, "The White Road" (Philip Allan & Co.), in THE ATHENÆUM of April 2, but cannot help feeling that it is somewhat unreasonable to object to the use of "mystical language" in what is obviously mystical poetry. If a "traditional language of mysticism" exists, surely the fact of its existence goes to prove that long experience has shown that certain spiritual states and ideas can only—or, at any rate, can best—be expressed by certain words and phrases. Any mystical writer (of either prose or verse) who should attempt to create a new "mystical language" of his own would, it seems obvious, only succeed in becoming either completely or partially unintelligible. Blake's "Prophetic Books" may be taken as an outstanding example, and, in another way, the works of certain poets of our own time, whose efforts to use new and often entirely incomprehensible methods of expression have caused among poetry-lovers widespread bewilderment and distress.

I may add that the translation mentioned by your reviewer is unknown to me, and that the words and phrases to which he takes exception were used simply because they presented themselves as a natural expression of the ideas I wished to convey. I have no extensive acquaintance with the mystical literature of the past, and was unaware that some of these words had been used with similar significance before—which seems to suggest that the "language of mysticism" has a certain universality, and will be used naturally by any writer endowed with a mystical trend of mind.

Yours faithfully,

EVA MARTIN.

April 14, 1920.

THE St. Martin-in-the-Fields' Players are presenting at St. Martin's Theatre, on Wednesday, April 28, at 3 p.m., the first London performance of Mr. John Masefield's "The Locked Chest," followed by "Sir Palomides and the Holy Grail," by Christopher Home, and Mr. Miles Malleon's adaptation from Tolstoy's "Michael." A String Quartet and the Oriana Madrigal Society will provide music. This body of players is a company of professional actors who wish to renew the mediæval relation between the Church and the theatre. It is their intention, if they receive sufficient support, to acquire a permanent home. At present they give performances in Parish Halls and similar places.

Foreign Literature

A DANISH PLAY

EN MAND GIK NED FRA JERUSALEM. By Helge Rode. (Copenhagen, Gyldendal. 6kr. 75 net.)

IN 1917 Helge Rode, one of the most original and interesting Danish poets of to-day, published a philosophical study of man's spiritual attitude to war. By penetrating into the hidden mysteries of the soul the author endeavoured to convince his readers of the secret fascination which the idea of war unconsciously exercises over the human mind. "Krig og Aand" is a profound book, which as a contribution to the study of the psychology of war deserves to be translated and read also outside Scandinavia. It is of interest to contrast the author's views with those of another eminent Dane, Dr. Brandes. While the latter has refused to see anything in the war but a lamentable proof of the inconquerable stupidity of the human race, Rode has approached the problem with a spirit of true and genuine sympathy for humanity at large. His play "A Man went down from Jerusalem," which has just been published at Copenhagen, has again the war as its background.

Dr. Stern, a Danish Jew of European fame, has been living in France for years; he has been looked upon as a genius; eminent men and ministers of the Republic have consulted him and sung his praise. Now, a short time after the outbreak of war, he is told by the authorities that his German name has become a source of suspicion and that he will have to leave the country. His château in Brittany is commandeered and converted into a prison camp. He finds himself friendless; the treatment he is suddenly subjected to makes him regard himself as a martyr:

My name is soaked in lies . . . I fight for Peace:—of course, one will say that I have been bribed. I fight for Truth:—of course, one will shout that I am a liar. For twenty years I have worked for humane conditions in Europe:—of course, they will howl that I am a beast, while they themselves are sprawling in blood.

The first act opens on a Southern scene of great beauty and calm. Here Dr. Stern has withdrawn with his wife and daughters. His vanity, a personal as well as a racial characteristic, to which the war has dealt this severe blow, is sustained by the frequent visits to his house of miserable revolutionaries and other questionable proletarian characters, who are still looking to him for help. He is flattered by their homage; but though he pretends to be able to adjust their grievances by composing all sorts of petitions to the various governments, he knows only too well the futility of his efforts and realizes fully his impotence. He grows more and more irritable towards his family. His only hope is set on Henrik, his wife's son by her first marriage, for whom he has a deep affection. When Henrik, who has been in America for many years, returns to join his mother and stepfather, Stern hopes to find in him the sympathy and devotion he so greatly needs. But Henrik has changed. During the years in America, a picture of his own dead father has formed itself in his mind; it has grown on him, and it now compels him to insist on changing the name of Stern for that of his own father. He is irritated with Stern's paternal tyranny, and gradually develops a dislike for the man, which soon after grows into a strong antipathy for the Jew.

The blow does not fall alone. One of Stern's daughters runs away from home to be married to an adventurer. The climax is reached when Mrs. Stern tells Henrik that Stern is his real father. She breaks this news to him in order to bring about a reconciliation. But Henrik feels

nothing but disgust—disgust with his mother, disgust with his father, and disgust with himself:

Now I understand it all. Now I understand why I despise myself to the very core! and I loathe my own body, and I hate my own soul!

He leaves home to join the Army as a volunteer.

Thus Stern is deprived of his last hope, his deepest love. He is left alone with a wife, with whom he has nothing in common, and only his daughter to relieve his desire for human sympathy. When the curtain falls, he is standing leaning on his daughter's arm, watching the sunset behind the mountains, where the war is still going on, guns being fired and lives being lost, and where also his son will soon be.

Stern. Eli, do not leave me!

Eli. I remain, father.

Stern (weakly). Thank you, thank you! I do not believe in your God! But I thank also him, because you do not fail your old father. Pray that my lonely heart may stop.

Critics have complained that the character of Dr. Stern is shaped after the living model of Georg Brandes. Like Stern, Brandes enjoys a European fame, and like him he was once misunderstood and decried by his own countrymen. Further, Stern's views are exactly those of Brandes, while Stern's enormous personal vanity also reflects a well-known weakness in the eminent critic.

But the chief interest of the play is not concerned with this. Dr. Stern is drawn with a firm hand, but also with a gentle sympathy. The part of Stern played by a great actor would give life to an imposing personality endowed with the strong man's longing for affection. He would grow in magnitude as the play went on, till he absorbed the stage, till his tragedy became like that of Lear. The tragedy of Dr. Stern, it might indeed be said, is like that of a modern Shylock, suffering the fate of that unhappy King. It may be taken as a strong thrust against the inveterate intolerance and deep-rooted antagonism with which the Jews are still looked upon in Europe. "Of all madness, the race-hatred is, after all, the most colossal stupidity of human malice."

The Jews may have many weaknesses, some perhaps greater than ours; but at bottom they are, like us, subject to the inevitable events that befall all human beings. To deprive them of our sympathy in such moments is, to say the least of it, utterly unjust. Dr. Stern is certainly not what one would call a prepossessing character. But he claims our sympathy through the sheer force of his tragedy—like all men who have gone down from Jerusalem, and, like him, "fallen amongst thieves."

C. Bt.

THE FUTURE OF JEWRY

AU PIED DU SINAÏ. Par Georges Clemenceau. (Paris, Crès. 5fr.)

WHEN a hack journalist writes a ridiculous story baiting the old bogey the millionaire Jew financier we know exactly why he does it. He hopes to make a few guineas by selling it to a popular journal. When he visits Carlsbad and writes brightly about the ringlets of Galician Jews and the antics of the Chassidim at prayer, we know that he hopes to defray part of his expenses by the sale of good "copy." But the *raison d'être* for the appearance of such superficial writing in book-form above the signature of a man who was but yesterday engaged in remaking Europe is not so apparent. Can M. Clemenceau really hope to add to his reputation as a statesman by the publication—or republication—of these absurd sketches? Is it possible that he really believes in the bogey Baron Moses? Is he serious when he states that the Jews are already rulers of modern society, and likely to extend their influence? Is he completely ignorant of the facts?

With his permission we will take this opportunity of bringing a few to his notice.

In 1914 the Jewry of Europe consisted of two sections—the emancipated Jews of the West (less than 4 millions all told) and the unemancipated Jews of the East (about 8½ millions). Looking first at the Jews of the West, we find them scattered over the various countries, representing everywhere only a tiny fraction of the population, in most cases less than one-half per cent.* Of these the majority just earned a living, a proportion attained to easy circumstances, and a handful in each land acquired riches. The influence of the few rich Jewish bankers was highest towards the end of the nineteenth century. By 1901 it had sensibly declined; by 1914 the legend of Jewish control of international finance was exploded. To-day it is obvious nonsense. The great European war demonstrated that the governments of Europe were entirely independent of Jewish finance. The Jews who had been powerless to boycott Imperial Russia were also powerless to avert the war or to shorten it. To-day no possible combination of Jewish bankers can affect the future of Europe; the wealth which they control is insufficient, and the will to combine is absent. The Jewish record in the war has proved that the semi-assimilated Jews in the various Western countries have no common policy.

Now let us look at the Jews of Eastern Europe, the majority of whom were still, in 1919, in bondage in Russia and Roumania. Over 6 millions of these unfortunate people lived in the Russian Pale of Settlement. They were characterized by extreme poverty, intense devotion to religious ritual, and a solidarity largely due to continuous fear of brutal physical persecution. They constituted the foundation of Judaism. The Pale was the Vatican of the Jewish faith. The emigrants who came West brought ritual Judaism with them intact, and they reinforced the failing faith of their already half-assimilated brothers who had made some Western land their home. The Russian Revolution has now emancipated the Jews of Eastern Europe, just as the French Revolution emancipated the Jews of the West. If, as seems inevitable, Russia eventually consolidates into a great modern democratic republic, the next hundred years will witness the dispersal of the Jewish Pale community, and with the dispersal the disappearance from Europe of the ritual characteristics of Judaism. They will presumably persist in a Zionist State in Asia, but they cannot survive in Europe when the main body of the Jews from the Pale are free to spread over Russia and become merged in its vast population. Assimilation, we may assume, will advance with the same rapidity in Eastern Europe during the next century as it has advanced in Western Europe during the last forty years. For without the assistance of its traditional ritualistic features Eastern European Judaism will be hard put to it to maintain itself against the onslaughts of Rationalism and Christianity, and it will soon lose the power to enforce the prohibition against intermarriage with the Gentile which alone can ensure the continuation of the race.

When the Eastern European foundation of Judaism crumbles, assimilation in the West will proceed with greater rapidity than heretofore because there will no longer be orthodox reinforcement from the East. Intermarriage will become more and more frequent, and the last shadow of Jewish solidarity will vanish. There is certainly no chance at all of the realization of M. Clemenceau's nightmare—a Semitic domination in the Western lands.

W.

* The actual figures for the Western lands were approximately: United Kingdom 0.59, Germany 0.95, France 0.25, Holland 1.76, Italy 0.12, Spain 0.02, Belgium 0.20, Norway 0.04, Sweden 0.06, Denmark 0.18.

THE MAIMED SOLDIER

FAUT-IL...? Par Odette Dulac. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 4fr.90.)

THE hero of this novel is a young man who has lost a leg in the war. He wins the heart of a girl whose parents are horrified at the prospect of a marriage between them. We are led to expect an analysis of the delicate problem involved in the situation; but when the hero and heroine marry on the last page we find that the problem is still unsolved, because the author has not made her figures generic. We are given a special case in which the judgment cannot be accepted as a precedent.

Madame Dulac has not attempted to grapple with the physiological aspects of her subject. The book deals more with the old problem of conjugal infidelity than with the new problem of the maimed soldier. The major complication is beyond her powers; yet we are grateful to her for having divined its existence.

For there is a tendency nowadays to avoid the deeper aspects of the maimed soldier's tragedy. We can understand the reluctance of the armchair patriot to give the subject his attention. It is not pleasant to be reminded that youth bore and still bears the whole burden of the war; that what is left of the generation of boys which was battered to death, blind, crippled and driven mad has now to face the battle of life with a terrible handicap.

OBRAS COMPLETAS. By Felipe Trigo. 12 vols. (Madrid, Renacimiento. 4 ptas. each.)—Not long ago someone remarked that though the grimmest and most read books in every public library in Spain were certain novels by Pérez Galdós, the stories generally taken out by young people were those of D. Felipe Trigo. I never had the time or the curiosity to ask for one of his books in a Spanish library; but when a man's collected works are published in a country so rich in modern fiction as Spain, one ought to see what they are about. It must be confessed, however, that Sr. Trigo is depressing to read. Like D. Pío Baroja, he began life as a doctor; but unlike that writer he can never get away from the obsession of sex. When he describes student life in Madrid he is far less presentable than Baroja; but his "En la Carrera" is not half so convincing as Baroja's "Arbol de la Ciencia." It is rather second-rate D'Annunzio, with the fire of D'Annunzio's genius left out. If I were asked to recommend Spanish books for the drawing-room of a literary club, I should put down Pérez de Ayala instead of Trigo. Sr. Pérez de Ayala has not mastered the technique of writing novels as Sr. Trigo has; but he is interested in other matters besides pornography. Amongst other things, he is a devoted admirer of the music of Mozart. Sr. Trigo's books are not all tarred with the same brush. They contain much observation of human nature and they are fluent; but they are not really very interesting, nor do they represent modern Spanish fiction at its best. J. B. T.

THE longest article in the belated *Revista Lusitana* for 1918 is that on manuscript *ex-libris* by the editor, Dr. Leite de Vasconcellos, who has now published twenty-one volumes of this important and original review. A Galician note, not included in this article, on the flyleaf of a copy of Frei Christovam de Almeida's "Sermoes Varios" (1673) runs: "This volume belongs to the parish priest Pedranes. Let him who finds it return it, and he shall be paid a farthing for chestnuts, for he greatly needs it for the preaching of his sermons." Other articles deal with philology and folk-lore.

THE Amalthea Verlag, a German publishing house established at Vienna, Leipsic and Zurich during the war, has followed the practice of several of the leading German publishers in issuing an almanac for the year 1920. In a substantial and well-produced volume long extracts are given from works which have been or are about to be published. The most important of these are a critical study of Gottfried Keller by the German critic Max Hochdorf, a new translation of "Pericles of Tyre" by Karl Etlinger, the critical study of Rainer Maria Rilke by Robert Faesi, which was reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM for March 5 last, and a volume of important and hitherto unpublished diaries of Friedrich von Gentz, Metternich's political henchman. These last are expected to throw fresh light on European politics of the forties.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

*The *Initiate*. By his Pupil. Routledge, 1920. 7½ in. 321 pp., 7/ n. 133

The veiled history of an adept in occult wisdom is presented in these pages by an occultist who is "a very well-known Englishman who prefers to remain anonymous." Whatever may be the source of his inspiration, its effect has undoubtedly been to make for the writer's happiness, and promises many a reader's also. The deeper aspects of the subject are dealt with in the latter half of the volume, and the result is stimulating. "Wonders never cease because they never exist." "Sin is a form of childishness; it is a roundabout way to spiritual happiness instead of the direct way." "It is a strange trait in certain religious temperaments that if you prove a man's religion to him on a rational basis, he is undeniably shocked." And so on; the spirit of love and tolerance pervades every page of what is really an inspiring book.

Nietzsche (Friedrich Wilhelm). *THE ANTICHRIST*. Translated with an introduction by H. L. Mencken. New York, Knopf, 1920. 7½ in. 180 pp. 193.9

This is the third of the "Free Lance Books," a well-printed and well-bound series of modern English and American books, translations and reprints. Mr. Mencken's translation of Nietzsche's last considerable work is lively and energetic, and his introduction is a happy example of his critical writing. Mr. Mencken has had to suffer for his admiration of the philosopher:

On the strength of the fact that I had published a book on Nietzsche in 1906, six years after his death, I was called upon [during the war] by agents of the Department of Justice, elaborately outfitted with badges, to meet the charge that I was an intimate associate and agent of "the German monster, Nietzsche." I quote the official *proces verbal*.

Such is life in the great Republic of the West.

Watson (John B.). *PSYCHOLOGY: FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A BEHAVIORIST*. Lippincott [1920]. 8½ in. 443 pp. il. index, 10/6 n. 150

A thorough but readable treatise on the new American methods in psychology known as Behaviourism. The essential feature of this school is that it regards man purely as a "reacting mass," and endeavours to determine his reactions without importing into the observation preconceived ideas affecting interpretation. The present author, indeed, does not find it necessary to use such terms as "sensation," "perception," "attention," "will," "image," and the like. He states that he does not know what they mean, and he suggests that no one succeeds in using them consistently. This rigid insistence on unambiguous terms is certainly "scientific," and the results already achieved by the method are of great interest.

200 RELIGION.

Brown (Sir Hanbury). *THE LAND OF GOSHEN AND THE EXODUS*. Third edition. Stanford, 1919. 9 in. 190 pp. il. maps, index, 7/6 n. 222.12

McLachlan (H.). *ST. LUKE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK*. Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1920. 8 in. 336 pp. index to quotations, 7/6 n. 226.4
See review, p. 540.

Middleton (Robert). *GLIMPSES OF THE GLORY-LAND*. Fifteenth edition. Jarrolds [1920]. 7½ in. 203 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 237.4

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Beveridge (Sir William). *THE PUBLIC SERVICE IN WAR AND IN PEACE*. Constable, 1920. 7½ in. 71 pp. paper, 2/ n. 351.1

Delivered in October, 1919, as a lecture at the London School of Economics and Political Science, the substance of this pamphlet is concerned with the changes in the Civil Service which have been brought about by the war, and with the personnel and organization of the Service in the future. Salaries and terms of service, the author thinks, should be re-examined; departments need better organization; devolution to local bodies should be widely followed; and there will be advantages in the extended use of advisory councils. Many branches of routine work "can be as well or, at an equal cost, better performed by women"; and there will be an extension of the employment of responsible women officers in association with health, factory conditions, and the like. The pamphlet is suggestive and practical.

Davies (A. Emil). *THE CASE FOR NATIONALIZATION*. Unwin [1920]. 7½ in. 314 pp. index, paper, 2/6 n. 335.6
See review, p. 543.

Duggan (Stephen Pierce), ed. *THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: the principle and the practice*. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8½ in. 375 pp. por. maps, app. bibliog., 15/ n. 341.1

Sixteen American authors are responsible for the sixteen chapters of this work, and the result is a great deal of overlapping. The language is simple, the technical terms are carefully defined. The object was to help thoughtful people to answer such questions as: What do we mean by the League of Nations? What is the philosophy underlying such a League? What duties should it be called upon to perform? What shall be America's relations to the League? The object is laudable, and has perhaps been attained, but the book is not one that compels a man to read it.

Hermathena, no. 42. Dublin, Hodges & Figgis (Longmans), 1920. 9 in. 174 pp. paper, 6/ 378.05

In the place of honour is a graceful tribute to John Pentland Mahaffy, the lamented Provost of Trinity, who, it is truly said, "will be missed by Irishmen of every shade of politics and religion." A paper by Mr. Charles Exon, dealing with "The Evolution of the Subjunctive Form"; "Some Examples of Greek Arithmetic," by Dr. J. Gilbert Smyly; Mr. E. H. Alton's "Anna Perenna and Mamurius Veturius" and "Notes on the 'Culex'"; and Dr. W. J. M. Starkie's bright paper entitled "An Aristotelian Analysis of the 'Comic,' illustrated from Aristophanes, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and Molière," are among the items in an excellent number.

The Round Table, no. 38, March. Macmillan, 1920. 9½ in. 278 pp. paper, 5/ 305

The first article, "The British Empire, the League of Nations, and the United States," expresses the general disappointment that the greater part of Europe is in deeper distress than before the publication of the terms of peace; and the writer endeavours to trace the causes. The Peace of Versailles, it is declared, attempted too much. The Covenant of the League of Nations "aimed too high and too far." "The course of events since the signature of peace has shown that national sentiment is too strong to accept the limitations imposed upon it by the Covenant." Other important articles, dealing with "International Financial Co-operation" and "The Growing Responsibility of Labour," clearly reveal the present gravity of the world situation. An able paper, "The Irish Problem Once More," ends with an eloquent appeal for a spirit of reconciliation and appeasement. The papers relating to India, and in particular to the Amritsar tragedy, are enlightening. There is much other good matter in the number.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Brook (Arthur). *THE BUZZARD AT HOME*. Witherby, 1920. 9 in. 38 pp. 12 pl. paper, 3/6 n. 598.2

In this record, all too brief, of Mr. Brook's watching and photographing of the buzzard during June-August, 1919, the resting-places and nests; the habits of the birds, especially when feeding their young; the food—moles, frogs, and occasional wild duck—and the final departure of the young, are described and depicted. The author made his observations

from a "hide" cleverly constructed hard by the buzzards' home.

Coppock (John B.). VOLUMETRIC ANALYSIS: adapted to the requirements of students entering for the internal and external examinations of Schools, Institutes, Colleges and Universities. Pitman [1920]. 7½ in. 100 pp. il. index, 3/6 n. 545.5

The second edition, revised and enlarged.

Seton (Ernest Thompson). MONARCH, THE BIG BEAR OF TALLAC. Constable, 1920. 8½ in. 220 pp. il., 7/6 n. 590.4

See review, p. 544.

Seton (Ernest Thompson). ANIMAL HEROES. Constable, 1920. 8½ in. 363 pp. il., 8/6 n. 590.4

See review, p. 544.

***Tancock (E.O.).** THE ELEMENTS OF DESCRIPTIVE ASTRONOMY. Second Edition. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 7½ in. 158 pp. index, limp cl., 3/ n. 523

This is one of the clearest elementary introductions to Astronomy that we have read. The author wholly eschews the verbiage—a kind of bad prose-poetry—common to many elementary books, and confines himself to describing essentials as compactly and clearly as possible. The illustrations are admirable.

700 FINE ARTS.

Anderson (Paul L.). THE FINE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Lippincott, 1919. 8 in. 315 pp. il. pors. index, 12/6 n. 770

See notice, p. 549.

800 LITERATURE.

Chateaubriand (François René, Vicomte de). MÉMOIRES D'OUTRE TOMBE, première partie, livres VIII. et IX. (Chateaubriand en Angleterre). Ed. with introd. and notes by A. Hamilton Thompson. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 7½ in. 120 pp. apps., 4/ n. 843.65

"Chateaubriand en Angleterre," as this is entitled on the cover, comprises those parts of the memoirs relating his life in England during 1793-1800 as a Royalist exile. Mr. Hamilton Thompson contributes an informing introduction, footnotes, chronological table, and a family tree.

The Gamut of the Poets: a satire. By VERITAS. Heath Cranton [1920]. 6½ in. 24 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 828.9

To argue lengthy is after all but twaddle;
For, let us mind us just as letters make up words,
So, these words do but trip their words towards,
Until at length they make a clear Farago [*sic*].

This farrago in unkempt rhymes is anything but clear to us, nor are we at all sure what it is that Veritas is trying to satirize.

O'Byrne (Dermot). RED OWEN. Dublin, Talbot Press, 1919. 7½ in. 51 pp., 2/ n. 822.9

The conflict between conventional respectability, or the instinct of the herd, and the call of imagination, poetry, romanticism, mysticism—or whatever you like to term the impulse of revolt—is the basis of this peasant drama. It is a kind of Connemara "Tannhäuser" or "Faust," entirely Irish in manner; and the dialogue, though in prose, is as poetic as Synge's at his most imaginative.

Townley (G.). MY HORIZON. Bell, 1919. 6 in. 120 pp., 3/6 n. 824.9

The main trend of these detached essays or series of reflections is ethical, and the teaching wholesome and uplifting. "Striving after Effect" exposes the viciousness of a common failing. Under "Reading" we are reminded that reading in the best of senses is its own reward, but it makes certain demands upon the reader. "Great readers are few, and, to be one of such, there is the necessity of a broad and understanding mind and heart."

Virgil.

Sargeant (John). THE TREES, SHRUBS, AND PLANTS OF VIRGIL. Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 8 in. 158 pp., 6/ n. 873.1

See review, p. 540.

Waight (James F.). HENRY III. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 7½ in. 123 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 822.9

This is the first play in a proposed "Trilogy of Freedom," which is also to include an "Edward I." and a "Richard I." Mr. Waight has made what seems to us the mistake of trying to write in antique English. The result is, at moments, almost as peculiar as William Morris's translation of "Beowulf."

POETRY.

Anderson (John Redwood). WALLS AND HEDGES. Sidgwick & Jackson, 1919. 7½ in. 83 pp., 3/ n. 821.9

Mr. Anderson is revealed as a poet of delicate yet virile perception, with an aptitude for word-manipulation. He is concerned with chimneys, lanes, a warehouse, an oil mill; and his freedom from conventional prejudice in subject is shown by these lines:

Rectangular,
A chaos of piled roofs that rise
Immense against the melancholy skies;
Rectangular,
The glare
Of many a lighted window square,
And here and there
Diagonal across the glow the bar
Of a great crane.

His vivid sympathy and poetic sensitiveness are particularly apparent in his poems on nature. His technique suffers occasionally from triteness of rhyme or phrasing, but his feeling is always genuine.

Browning (Robert).

Ryle (Effie). ROBERT BROWNING: HIS LIFE AND POETRY: a handbook of study, prepared for the use of adult schools and study and reading circles. National Adult School Union [1920]. 7½ in. 47 pp. paper, 6d. 821.83

Clear, concise, and instructive explanations of typical poems, which are arranged in classes illustrating Browning's development and the varied interests of his mind; notes on the initial difficulties readers meet with; and sets of stimulating questions, make up this capital little primer.

Doyle (Sir Arthur Conan). THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH; and other poems. Murray, 1919. 7 in. 78 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

The title-piece and others show Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to be a master of evening-paper balladry. The verses go with a swing, and state the plain man's sentiments on British valour and on "all things foul and black" with energy. "The Bigot" and "Fate" voice similar feelings on the "unco guid" and on the author's recent discoveries in the psychical world.

Glanville (Henry J.). NATURE POEMS. With a foreword by John Oxenham. R. Scott, 1919. 7½ in. 48 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Glanville is content to express his emotions about nature in well-worn poetical language:

In that gay garden lilies blow,—
Daintiest lilies, fragrant, bright;
And beauteous roses blossom there,—
Sweet summer roses red and white.

It is bright and pleasant enough, but the words slide from the memory like water off a duck's back.

Gleeson (J. Desmond). SONGS OF SAINTS AND SINNERS. E. Macdonald [1920]. 7½ in. 79 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9

Mr. Gleeson has a cheerful energy and gusto, but he lacks the power to give his emotions a fitting form. His poems, of which he says that they "were written with a sincerity that must take the place of their literary shortcomings," are apt to be curiously inconclusive and shapeless.

Macnicol (Nicol). PSALMS OF MARATHA SAINTS: 108 hymns translated from the Marathi ("The Heritage of India Series"). Calcutta, Association Press (Oxford, Univ. Press) [1920]. 7½ in. 95 pp. front. index, 2/ n. 891.46

Rhymed translations from the poetry of Maratha saints of the 13th-17th centuries. Seventy-five of the 108 pieces in this volume are by Tukaram, the last of the great Maratha saints, who flourished during the 17th century. Mr. Macnicol's versions are neat, though one wonders if it might not have been more satisfactory, from a scholarly point of view, to give exact prose renderings.

Mallett (Reddie). POEMS FROM BEYOND. Watts, 1920.
7½ in. 123 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

If Mackworth Praed had written the "Spoon River Anthology" this is how he would have done it. Mr. Mallett possesses a great measure of the fluency, the astonishing facility in rhyming of that consummate writer of *vers de société*. It is pleasant, after a dose of "Spoon Riveis" and "Winstonbury Lines," to read something that rattles along so cheerfully as this:

I was jolted in my coffin as they bore me to the grave,
And I heard the parson praying for the soul he couldn't save;
Sadness struggled to sit solemn on the mourners, who were few,
While the mutes assumed emotion for the man they never knew.

Thirlmere (Rowland). NEW POEMS. Selwyn & Blount [1920]. 7½ in. 101 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Thirlmere's poems are solid and respectable, but at the same time a little dull. We never feel as we read them that thrill of excited discovery or recognition which a new illuminating phrase, or the perfect expression of some emotion we have often felt, can give us. Mr. Thirlmere comes nearest to capturing this quality of the best poetry in his poem "The Orchard," but even here he has not quite caught it and we are left unsatisfied.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

Brooke (Stopford A.). ON TEN PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Constable, 1919. 8½ in. 315 pp., 7/6 n. 822.33
The sixth impression.

Brooke (Stopford A.). TEN MORE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. Constable, 1919. 8½ in. 317 pp., 7/6 n. 822.33

Shore (W. Teignmouth). SHAKESPEARE'S SELF. P. Allan & Co., 1920. 8 in. 190 pp. app. index, 5/ n. 822.33

There does not seem to be any sufficient reason for the publication of this book. In learning it is inferior to more than one existing study of Shakespeare, and the author's original comments do not inspire one with great confidence in his insight.

FICTION.

Brady (Cyrus Townsend). ARIZONA: a romance of the great South-West. Jarrolds [1920]. 6½ in. 248 pp., 2/ n. 813.5

Campbell (H. M. F.). THE STAR OF DESTINY. Odhams [1920]. 7½ in. 320 pp., 7/ n.

This is a stirring tale of German plotting in India. Krishna Iyer, a Hindu fanatic, is exploited by Mrs. Flora Ferguson, a spy in the pay of Germany. She enlists Krishna's interest and help in her propaganda; and the heroine, Stella Hamilton, in her turn, is greatly influenced by the Indian, whom she loves. The plot is discovered, Mrs. Ferguson is arrested, Krishna dies, and Stella, saved in time from the consequences of her own foolishness, returns to England.

Cleland (Mary). THE SILVER WHISTLE. Heath Cranton [1920]. 7½ in. 235 pp., 6/ n.

A simple love-story, told in readable letters, which pass between the heroine, Patricia Macdonell, her aunt, "A. J. B.," and others. The correspondence deals with literary and other topics. "A. J. B." turns out to be Patricia's lover.

Clemenceau (Georges). AU PIED DU SINAÏ. Paris, Crès, 1920. 7½ in. 181 pp. paper, 5fr. 843.9
See review, p. 555.

Cooke (Marjorie Benton). THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS. Jarrolds [1920]. 6½ in. 304 pp., 2/ n. 813.5

Dulac (Odette). FAUT-IL . . . ? Paris, Calmann-Lévy [1919]. 7½ in. 303 pp. paper, 4fr. 90. 843.9
See notice, p. 556.

Hewlett (Maurice). THE LIGHT HEART. Chapman & Hall, 1920. 7½ in. 230 pp., 6/ n.

In this, the latest member of the series of "Sagas Retold," Mr. Hewlett relates how the high-hearted Thormod ("Coal-brow's Poet"), "very little of a Christian, but very much of a man," avenged the death of his friend Thorgar.

Lowndes (Mrs. Belloc). THE LONELY HOUSE. Hutchinson, 1920. 7½ in. 287 pp., 7/6 n.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is an experienced writer of eminently readable fiction. The adventures of the innocent and charming Lily Fairfield at Monte Carlo, where she is temporarily the

paying guest of a distant connection, a dreadful person who does not hesitate at murder, are remarkable and sensational. Several of the dramatis personæ stand out in bold relief—notably the agreeable Hercules Popeau, whose task it is to track down the authors of the horrid villainy.

Norris (Charles G.). SALT. Constable, 1920. 7½ in. 425 pp., 9/

Stated to be founded "upon fact—or less than fact," Mr. Norris's very long, but interesting story has for its principal character Griffith Adams, who is said to be "a type of American youth, to all unfortunately familiar." Griffith is unlucky in his mother, a frivolous, reckless sort of woman, who has married three times, and is a desperate gambler; unlucky in his educational experiences; miserably handicapped in his search for employment; and unrestful, as well as indecisive in his love-affairs. But all comes right in the end.

Patterson (Marjorie). A WOMAN'S MAN. Heinemann, 1920. 7½ in. 336 pp., 7/6 n.

The hero of Miss Patterson's psychological study is a Frenchman of good family, Armand de Vaucourt, who throughout his life is powerfully influenced by women. Armand's pious and austere mother, the viperish and unmoral publisher's wife, the good-natured Princesse Roumistorf, and the neglected little Bernardette are very actual people. The feminine influences, as may be gathered, are partly good, partly bad; and their relation to Armand's career is gradually revealed in the book.

Skelton (Margaret). THE BOOK OF YOUTH. Collins [1920]. 8 in. 342 pp., 7/6 n.

Beginning in a Georgian manor-farm in the country, in the school years of the heroine, Monica Harthen, the action of this story passes to London, and includes a number of stirring incidents, some of which are associated with the feminist agitation during the period before the war. In the closing pages Monica has become the wife of Anthony Ralph, a young musician; and the book terminates just as the troops are starting for the front. The story possesses a modern atmosphere and outlook.

Trent (Paul). THE MASTER OF THE SKIES. Odhams [1920]. 7½ in. 236 pp., 3/6 n.

Anthony Brook devises a greatly improved aeroplane, and its commercial prospects lead to a fierce conflict between two big financiers. The contest for the hand of a lady introduces further complications. Many exciting moments occur, but the inventor reaps his reward in the end.

Trigo (Felipe). OBRAS COMPLETAS. 12 vols. Madrid, Renacimiento, San Marcos, 42, 1919. 7½ in. paper, 4 ptas. each. 863.6

See notice, p. 556.

Watson (Frederick). PANDORA'S YOUNG MEN. Collins [1920]. 8 in. 295 pp., 7/6 n.

Readers who appreciated "The Humphries Touch" will welcome the author's new story. Pandora and her Victorian mother are "incompatibles," and the former leaves home to enter the new "Ministry of Recreation"—which is a failure, and has to be reconstructed as a "Ministry of Concentration."

Wynne (May), pseud. A PRINCE OF INTRIGUE: a romance of Mazeppa. Jarrolds [1920]. 8 in. 251 pp., 7/6 n.

This stirring romance is set in Poland and the Ukraine, and relates to the famous Hetman of the Cossacks, Ivan Stepanovitch Mazeppa, who in boyhood was bound naked to the back of a wild stallion, sent galloping into the wilds. To him the hero, Michael Falbovsky, the lover of Nathalie Kotchoubey, is sent on a mission, the nature of which is unfolded in the tale. Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden are leading characters.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, ETC.

Brookes (Leonard). A REGIONAL GEOGRAPHY OF AFRICA AND EUROPE ("New Regional Geographies for Secondary and High Schools," Book III.). Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 8 in. 479 pp. il. index, 6/ 910

The third of a series of four books intended to cover the geographical course of a secondary school for the four years leading up to and including the year in which an examination of matriculation standard is taken. The author anticipates criticism of the wisdom of publishing a book dealing with the geography of Europe when the new frontier delimitations are

incomplete. To unlearn is laborious and confusing, and we think that it would have been better to delay the appearance of this volume a little longer.

Littlechild (W. P.). A SHORT ACCOUNT OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL. Cambridge, Heffer, 1920. 6½ in. 30 pp. paper, 1/ n. 914.259

This noble example of the rich Perpendicular style of late Gothic architecture, designed by Reginald Ely, "master-mason," possesses a roof which is probably without a peer upon the Continent, and is rivalled by very few specimens of English vaulting. The windows constitute "the finest series in the world of pictures in glass on a large scale." The woodwork is remarkable. The memorials are of arresting interest. A building which combines these excellences is justly world-famous, and can be neglected by no visitor to Cambridge. Mr. Littlechild's brochure should be helpful to all who have the delight of seeing the chapel for the first time.

Rodocanachi (E.). LES MONUMENTS ANTIQUES DE ROME ENCORE EXISTANTS: les ponts, les murs, les voies, les aqueducs, les enceintes de Rome, les palais, les temples, les arcs. Paris, Hachette, 1920. 7½ in. 240 pp. plan, 16 il., 10fr. 913.37

The object of this compendium is to furnish tourists with a brief but comprehensive guide to the ancient monuments of Rome, their history, purpose and architecture. It consists in the main of condensed articles on the various items of interest, which are indexed, and illustrated (not very satisfactorily) with reproductions of old engravings showing what they were like before the modern improver and restorer altered their appearance.

Sowerbutts (J. Crompton). KETTLEWELL PAST AND PRESENT. York, T. A. J. Waddington, 1920. 7 in. 50 pp. map, il. paper, 1/3 n. 914.274

The short preface to the Rev. J. Crompton Sowerbutts's handy little guide to the delectable village of Kettlewell in Craven is a tribute by the late Professor Moorman. The topography, geology, natural history, archaeology, history, and modern features are briefly but adequately treated. The Aire in its passage from Malham Tarn does not emerge at Malham Cove, which is the exit of another subterranean stream, but at Airehead. We thought the "Lady's slipper" (*Cypripedium calceolus*) was extinct, and are relieved to hear that a few flowers were seen in 1918.

***Thacker (Fred. S.).** THE THAMES HIGHWAY: a history of the locks and weirs. Thacker, 105, Mortlake Road, Kew, 1920. 8 in. 525 pp. il. maps, index, 12/6 n. 914.2

Author of two other books on the subject, "The Stripling Thames" and "Thames Highway, General History," which we reviewed at their appearance, Mr. Thacker here completes the task he had set before himself by giving a methodical account of the locks and weirs, and, incidentally, of bridges, miscellaneous antiquities, lock-keepers, and such-like, working down from the source to Hammersmith. The photographs are interesting and appropriate, but the sketch-maps lack clearness.

Walbrook (H. M.). A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE ROYAL YORK, BRIGHTON. Brighton, 1920. 7½ in. 77 pp. il. 914.225

A readable sketch of the history of this well-known hotel, written in association with the hundredth anniversary of its opening, which was celebrated on September 27, 1919. Among the illustrations are reproductions of old prints, and there are several amusing caricatures, including some of Phil May's work.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

***Fuller (James Franklin).** OMNIANA: the autobiography of an Irish octogenarian. Jarrolds [1920]. 9½ in. 304 pp. il. pors. apps. index, 12/6 n. 920

A greatly enlarged edition of this agreeable and amusing autobiography. The work has been out of print since 1916.

James (Henry). THE LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited by Percy Lubbock. Macmillan, 1920. 2 vols. 9 in. 473, 540 pp., index, 36/ n. 920

See review, p. 537.

La Fayette (Gilbert Motier, Marquis de).

***Morgan (George).** THE TRUE LA FAYETTE. Lippincott, 1919. 8 in. 489 pp. il. pors. index, 10/6 n. 920

"La Fayette, we are here!" These words of General Pershing when he landed in France, signifying that America had come to pay off something of her inexhaustible debt to the country of La Fayette, and had enlisted her millions in the cause that he had championed, were the inspiration for this very full, though very concise history of the man whose one great creed was liberty.

930-990 HISTORY.

Cresson (W. P.). THE COSSACKS: THEIR HISTORY AND COUNTRY. New York, Brentano's, 1919. 8½ in. 249 pp. il. por. map, \$2.50. 947

Having spent two years and travelled many miles in Cossack country before and at the time of the Russian Revolution, the author was smitten with a desire to trace the history of this elusive people—a task he found to be extremely formidable. This sketch of their complicated story is the result. In the early half of the book Cossack legends and epitomes of Cossack documents—such as their arrogant and insulting letters to the Sultan and other potentates—provide a lively mixture of barbaric life. The narrative then becomes merged in the broader subject of the expansion of modern Russia.

***Dicey (Albert V.) and Rait (Robert S.).** THOUGHTS ON THE UNION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. Macmillan, 1920. 9 in. 420 pp. apps. index, 16/ n. 941.06

See review, p. 539.

***Fisher (Herbert Albert Laurens).** STUDIES IN HISTORY AND POLITICS. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. 9 in. 214 pp., 12/6 n. 904

See review in last week's ATHENÆUM, p. 510.

***Hazen (Charles Downer).** MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY ("American Historical Series"). New York, Holt (Bell) [1920]. 8 in. 664 pp. il. pors. maps, index, 7/6 n. 940.9

A revised edition of the excellent text-book first published in 1917; it deals with Europe from the period antecedent to the French Revolution.

Lucas (Sir Charles Prestwood). THE GOLD COAST AND THE WAR. Milford, 1920. 8 in. 56 pp. map, app. paper, 2/ n. 966.9

There is force in the author's remark that the record of the Gold Coast in 1914-18, which is summarized in the pages of this brochure, admirably illustrates how well the Empire was served in the war in every part of the world and by all its provinces. The colony not only "carried on, and more than carried on," but also gave active and substantial assistance to the Imperial Government, in men, money and material. The present account and similar records of other colonies or protectorates, "should they be compiled on the same lines and published through the same channel," will be embodied in the work on "The Empire at War," in which the Royal Colonial Institute and the Oxford University Press hope to give a comprehensive narrative of the "co-operative effort of the Empire in the Great War."

***Mackennal (Alexander) and Lewis (H. Elvet).** HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS: a new edition of Dr. Alexander Mackennal's work, revised and partly rewritten by H. Elvet Lewis. R.T.S., 1920. 11½ in. 143 pp. il., 12/ n. 974.48

An attractively and copiously illustrated edition of this work, in which are descriptions of Gainsborough, Austerfield, Scrooby, Leyden, Delft, Southampton, Plymouth, and other places associated with John Robinson, Governor Winslow, William Brewster and their brethren. The book appears at an opportune time, for 1920 marks the tercentenary of the sailing of the "Mayflower."

Spikes (K. W.). THE LIGHT OF HISTORY ("New Teaching Series"). Hodder & Stoughton [1920]. 8 in. 255 pp. bibliog. index, 4/6 n. 909

To be able to think in terms of history is a valuable qualification for students who are to cultivate the larger view of human affairs. This little book should go some way to help them. An idea of the groundwork of English history is presumed, and an atlas must be used. The bibliography and time-chart will be serviceable.